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THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. PRESCOTT ELDRIDGE, ELOCUTIONIST.

[The portraiture drawn is that of a depraved "outcast," a nymph du pave; as if young in years, but so *old* in sin, so *completely fallen*, that she is beyond all hope of salvation in this life, though tenaciously clinging to a hope hereafter. She is one of that too fearfully large number that swell the population of the larger cities. Her prototype can be found on any night issuing from the dens of Water and Baxter streets, in the city of New York. Awakening from a state of delirium she finds herself the inmate of a lower dungeon in a city station house, into which she has been dragged during the night by a minion of the law, who had found her prostrate upon the sidewalk, overcome by intoxication. In these, her sobered and reflective moments, she soliloquizes upon her fallen condition, reviewing the sad changes since she, the once *accomplished, cultured, artless, loving* and trusted maiden fell a victim to dissolute man.]

An "outcast," the streets poor and friendless I roam,
With no place on earth I may claim for a home;
But driven from cellar to garret am I,
Too wretched to live and too wicked to die.
Oh, Merciful God! what a life I have led,
Bart'ring my body for a morsel of bread;
I've no one to pity me, none to caress,
No, not one in all this world's wide wilderness.
The life I had pictured is not what it seemed—
How sadly, how vainly, alas! I have dream'd—
Too late to recent of the scenes that are past,
Their sad, dread realities fathomed at last.
Earth's future is hopeless, I cannot atone,
My beauty has perished, my youth it has flown.
As once the hand writing appeared on the wall,
So stamped on my face is the tale of my fall.
My God! when I think of the years now gone by,
And view the gay picture, in colors thai I
In youth's inexperience, painted so bright,
Now dim, and so faded, seen in the light
Of *later* days, robbed of his imag'ry vain,
The *fires of Assembly* burn in my brain.
Sad, sad disappointment, my spirit has crushed,
Soon my vain lamentings in death will be hushed,
Soon, soon, the grave's pillow my head will have pressed;
Oh, God! may I hope that I *then* shall find *rest*.
My parents who reared me, aye, worse than in vain—
Long have mourned my wrecked life in anguish and pain.
Deep drain I the wine cup my sadness to drown,
Then roam, sad and homeless, the streets of the town;
My beauty and charms they have long since been sold
To wanton supporters, for ill gotten gold;
In acts so depraved, so wicked and dread,
I shamelessly traffic for rum and for bread.
Oh the yea's that have passed since when as a child,
From virtue's bright path so blindly beguiled,
Abandoned myself to a merciless Fate,
My God! when I think, (but, *too late*, ah, *too late*),
What "might have been" once, but can ne'er be again,
Sin's brand on my forehead must ever remain,
And those to whose arms I have yielded a slave,
Not one of them now will stand over my grave,
A mourner repenant, or sorrowing friend.
Oh! foul, black ingratitude, this is the end;
And woman, my sisters, aloof ye all stand,
Refusing an "outcast" your sisterly hand;
Oh! *would* I "contaminate" all who'd relieve
The wants of a lost one, who fain would retrieve
The sins of her past by *future* more bright,
Were one gleam of hope but revealed to my sight.
A decade's not passed, when in the freshness of youth,
Bright woven for me were the garlands of truth:
Now withered and robbed of their virunous green,
The roses all faded, and vice-thorns *only* seen.
In walks then, of innocence, daily I trod,
All faithful in duty, my knee bent to God;
These days of the present I could not foresee,
My future seemed hopeful, as e'en it could be.
Sad day when the tempter my path way did cross,
Who robbed me of virtue, then mocked at my loss.
Forth, forth from parents, home, *all* I departed,
The "one more unfortunate," rash, broken hearted;
I'd tasted the vice-cup, its wine had seemed sweet,
Madly de ermin-d the sad sequel I'd meet.
Gay, graceful in figure, with beauty of face,
Most charming in accent, seeming all love and grace,
Unrived child of nature, unpractised in art,
Blind passion, false judgment ruling my heart;
'Twas done, I had fallen, I would not relent,
My future he realter in shame should be spent.
Thus, oh! was my destiny fated to be!
My God! can this wanderin- outcast be *me?*
Oh! maiden so fair, lend thine ear to my warning,
Hold fast to thy virtue, while yet in life's morning;
Lest stealeth upon thee the blackness of night,
When grosing, like me, thou findest no light.
Beware of the tempter, whatever his guise,
To his arts and his malice close thine innocent eyes;
Oh! heed not his voice, 'tis a siren's to charm,
To lure thee to ruin. *It meaneth but harm.*
In is snares so seductive are woven to call
The bl. d to his meshes, thence down to its *fall.*
Be faithful in duty, to virtue and self,
Not vain of thy beauty, nor greedy of pelf,
In rejecting hi- handmaid, thy chiefest desire,
She'll thee guide aright, and shield from the mire,
The pit-falls of woman, every where spread,
To swell with the living the lists of the dead.
And you, heartless man, to bright virtue so blind,
To trail, loving woman, so worse than unkind,
Who seeketh by te seness, reduced to an art,
To drag her to hell, by the way of her heart;
Be to her as to thy sister thou'd'st be,
Or to the young daughter that climbs on thy knee;
Be true to thyself, and to her, thy fond wife,
Who guide with *her virtues* thy story of life.
I've spoken in tones, and perchance have said too much,
Yet, oh! if my story can only but touch
The heart of another one, tempted like me,
All pain and all effort rewarded will be.
The cold wintry winds chill my thinly clad form,
Ah, now I remember, I swerved in the storm.
Then drugged here with violence into this cell,
By my night wanderings, vile souls fit for hell,
Who thrust me in darkness, down, down on the clay,
To weep and to curse, and to shiver till day.
My mind in confusion, now revels at will;
Hush, heart, thou foul fiend, why tempt ye me still?
My hours upon earth are numbered, I feel—
Down, pressing my neck, is the monster man's heel,
Strangling out life, like so hated and cursed.
Oh! when shall the grave, when my corse shall be hearsed.
No stone shall e'er mark my last resting place,
No priest shall pray o'er it, *the grave of disgrace.*
My God! oh! my God! to Thee only I look,
Blot, then, from remembrance out of Thy book
All record against the poor penitent, she,
Who, dying, at last looketh up unto Thee.
Take me home, pard'ning Saviour, there to be blest,
Where "wicked cease troubling," and "weary find rest."

DARCY'S CHILD;

OR,

THE DUKE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYBIL'S INHERITANCE," "EVELYN'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

The vanquished now leaves his broken bands,
And hides his miseries in distant lands.

Marcus Darcy had sped on his wild course on that wretched night with but two all engrossing ideas fevering his brain, and urging his footsteps well nigh to a frenzied and unnatural bound. He must call in the necessary myrmidons of those who affect the solemn pomp of woe to do the requsite honor to his deceased wife. Then—then he would lie down and die.

"For what should I cumber this earth? Why should I live?" he kept repeating fiercely, as he rushed on.

As the woman of old said in her bitterness, so spake the stricken man. He, too, would curse his Maker and die. The wind was howling over the fells and through the gorges of the mountain pass; the beams of the rising sun were already coloring the horison with their crimson and golden rays. But through the shrill whistle of the one came a yet more distinct and clear childish wail. Rising from the ground and mingling as it were with the Heaven-born beams of the morn, was the lurid light of an earth created condagration, so intense that it resembled the glowing tints of the skies. Marcus stopped and listened. Again came that plaintive cry—a cry none other than which, perhaps, would at that moment have arrested the purpose of the frenzied man. It was one which would have touched to the quick his lost Blanche—one which would have appealed to him with irresistible force from the lips of his now dead infant—a helpless pleading of the weakest and the most sacred of Heaven's creatures.

Marcus, after a moment's pause, sprang on in the direction whence it came, guided by the frequent but ever weakening sound that came from time to time on his ear, till he reached the gorge of the mountain, which was nothing less than a fissure of the rock. The light was still dim, but by its gradually brightening grey Marcus could discern the small figure of something, which he at once perceived was the child from whom the touching plaint proceeded, and his speed increased at the sight of the agony which the little creature's whole attitude bespoke. In an instant he stood by its side, and raised the half crimson, half terrified face of the little girl in his arms and folded its shivering limbs to his breast.

"My poor child, what is it? How came you here?" he said, gazing down on the baby face, which looked up at him with strange, bewildered, yet most beautiful and deeply blue eyes, that already seemed to speak the thoughts of the infantile brain.

"Papa, papa! I want papa," mourned the girl, hiding her head in his bosom as if to persuade herself into the delusion that he was the father on whom she called.

"Where is he? Who brought you here?" he said, remarking for the first time that the child was clad only in a thin white garment, and that its little feet were only defended from the damp grass by small woolen socks.

"I don't know—I don't know," was the lisping reply. "Take Minette to papa."

Marcus could receive by the ague-like shiver and the dropping head of the little foundling that even minutes were precious if he wished to save her life, and he did not harass her failing strength with more questioning. He opened his own large but thread-bare coat and sheltered her between it and his heart, which, for the instant, forgot its load of misery in the helpless infant's woes, and he hastened on towards the town in which he might expect to find all that could meet the necessities of either sufferer. The last honors for his idolized wife, food and clothes for the starved child could be procured, albeit Blanche could not be restored to him, and the deserted little one might never be claimed by the parent she had lost. There was an excited air among the denizens of the streets, which would have been usually deserted at that hour, and it struck even the pre-occupied Marcus with surprise.

"What has happened?" he asked, as he passed a little crowd of gaping idlers, who were gathered at a corner of one of the highest eminences of the market place.

The blunt north countryman looked at him with profound contempt.

"You must be blind, man, if you haven't seen the red glare in the sky. Darcy Grange is burned down, that's all, and every one in it, so the tale goes."

Marcus staggered, and the light burden he carried well nigh escaped his grasp.

"It is false—false!" he said, at last. "Why, I left it not four hours since."

The man stared suspiciously.

"I'll give you a bit of advice, stranger. Don't talk too freely about that, for it's said that there's been foul play in the matter. Sir Robert and his child, and most, if not all of the servants were burned alive, and it's not likely there'd have been no escape if it hadn't been fired in more than one place. That's spoken of already, and any one might get into a scrape that could be proved to have been near the place. There, don't look so black. It's no business of mine, for I never set eyes on the baronet or the building in my life. But it's reason, and that's what a northerner goes by."

Marcus did not reply. He was too stunned to even bestow a thought on his own danger, or his own actions or words.

His brother dead! The child for whom he had hardened himself against the common humanities of kindred sleeping and smouldering with him in the hot ashes of their ancestral home! It was too fearful for one selfish thought to mingle with its horror.

"Heaven forgive me, for I cursed him well nigh with my last words, and surely it will be visited on my own head!" he groaned as he went mechanically on. And as he sternly mastered the outward exhibitions of feeling, and proceeded to give the necessary directions for his wife's obsequies, and for the nourishment and clothing of his newly found treasure, still one miserable image haunted his every step, darkened like a shadow every object on which his eyes rested. It was the image of his brother, the first-born of his mother, the heir of their house, looking with reproachful agony on him who had invoked vengeance on him and his. Would not that vengeance return tenfold on his own head?

* * * * * * *

A week had passed. The body of the eighth baronet of the line of Darcy had been consigned with pomp and circumstance to the vault of his fathers, amidst the awed whispers and grave looks, if not the heartfelt grief, of the tenants and dependents of the house. Now another and more simple but more touching funeral took its way to that beautiful, lone churchyard, and the white ribbons and silk that were mingled with the sable pall and plumes told that the infant and the wife of that stern, tearless mourner were to be laid in the open grave. Rigid as stone and apparently as impenetrable, Marcus Darcy saw all that he loved in this world hidden from his sight.

Fierce and haughty as the proudest of his line, he turned from curious eyes, and took his way from the scene by the nearest gate of the well-known park, and hid himself amidst the trees of the neighboring wood that skirted the Darcy estate. Then, and not till then, did the frozen sluices give way beneath the pent fire of his agony, and he cast himself on the ground and wept with the convulsive spasms that shake the strong man to the very centre. There was a stealthy step near him, that came creeping amidst the crackling leaves, and a cold, snake-like look riveted on him that read his every gesture, drank in, as it were, every tear, till at length the measure appeared full, and the intruder spoke:—

"Marcus, I am glad to meet you here, and alone."

The mourner bounded to his feet, and stood before the speaker with pride and contempt drying up every softer emotion.

"The pleasure is not mutual. Sir Ralph Darcy, I must decline any communication with my father's son, since he is a reproach to his name."

And, with a haughty inclination of the head, he was about to leave the spot, when Ralph laid his hand firmly on his arm.

"Marcus, this is madness, and worse. I must speak to you, unless you would hear in the face of the world the imputation that rests on you, unless you would stand at the felon's dock a murderer and a fratricide!"

Marcus turned lividly pale. Again the words of the curse he had uttered sounded in his ears. Were they to be already visited on him?

"Ah, I see my words can touch even your proud, abandoned nature," continued Ralph. "Be advised, Marcus, and listen to me with as much patience as you may. Remember, it is for the sake of the name we both bear that I have come here to warn you. Come this way, that we may be sure of not being overheard, for it is a frightful crime with which you stand charged, and its very whisper should make any one with human feelings crouch to the very earth with shame."

"It is false—false as your own nature, Ralph. It is you who have invented the very idea," burst out Marcus, passionately. "Robert's death was as great a surprise, as terrible a blow to me as to yourself—ay, and perhaps more so," he added, with a stern, sharp glance which made Ralph's eyes lower for a brief instant.

"Denial is easy to a man who could be guilty of such a foul crime, Marcus. But, unluckily, the proofs are but too strong. Listen, Marcus. You are known to have visited Robert, as it seemed, in secret; to have threatened vengeance because he would not supply your extravagance. Ere many hours the house was on fire in more than one place. The child and its nurse were in apartments immediately over the commencement of the conflagration. The wife and the infant escaped by a miracle, but the heiress—the only child of the man you thus threatened—perished, and Robert—hark ye, Marcus—Robert was discovered in the library where you had left him, with the wound of a deadly weapon on his head, and your own sword-stick, with the crest of our house—a remnant, I presume, of your earlier days—lying on the floor."

Marcus staggered a few paces as the hideous tale was slowly poured into his ears. There was such identity in the deed with the feelings that had fired his nature that for a moment he could realise the possibility that he might have been its perpetrator.

"Ha! you are stung, I see. You thought all traces of your crime would be reduced to ashes under the ruins of our birth place. But, as it chanced, the fire did not spread in that portion of the building sufficiently to entirely consume it. Robert's corpse was found, untouched by the flames, and in the condition that I describe. Now, what think you, murderer of your mother's son?"

"I am no murderer, Ralph Darcy. My hands are clean as your own; my heart, may be, far purer than your dark, cold nature," replied Marcus, firmly. "And you know it, in your inmost soul, even as you stand there with the foul lie and slander on your lips."

"Better spare such aggravating terms, Marcus, since, with all my honest desire to avoid the scandal on our name, I may lose patience and leave you to your fate. I have no reason to accuse you falsely. All is mine, by poor Robert's death. And, as to lies, it is not I who could invent what happened when I was two hundred miles from the spot. All had been discovered long ere I arrived to hear and to test the truth of the horrid tale. If there is falsehood it is not in me."

Marcus was silent for a few minutes. His brain had lost its clear perceptions, his haughty spirit had been daunted by his bewildering trials, and, for the time he sank crushed and mute under h s brother's stern sophistry.

"There is falsehood, black as yon cloud, Ralph Darcy," he returned, at length. "And, though it may be as impervious to the truth as this forest is to Heaven's light, it will be revealed in time, to the shame and punishment of its authors. I declare before my Maker that I am guiltless, and, if you are equally so, the real criminal has yet to be discovered and brought to the justice which awaits him."

Ralph laughed scornfully.

"No doubt, no doubt. But it rests with my own pleasure, Master Marcus, whether it ever reaches him. If you please, my pugnacious brother, we will leave all high-flown professions and arguments, and come to plain matter of fact. In few words, I can prove you to be guilty of well nigh the most atrocious crime that can disgrace human nature, and, unless you submit to my terms, you shall find no mercy at my hands; not one relenting pang should move me, even at your scaffold."

"Not even to your mother's son, bad man!" returned Marcus, sternly. "It is worthy of you."

"You showed none to her first born," retorted Ralph. "If I give you one chance of escape, it is but for the sake of the long line who have transmitted to us a spotless name. Listen, Marcus. I am now the head of our house. Its estates are mine, its ancient title is mine. But it may be that I may require more entire control over all than I can exercise while you are the next heir. Renounce all in my favor; go hence, never to assert your rights or to proclaim to the world your very existence; and so long as you remain thus dead to me and the world you shall escape the disgraceful death which you deserve."

"And yield my birth-right, confess tacitly a crime I have never committed, sacrifice the name I glory in, which is all that is left to me! Ralph, you are worse than Judas himself!"

"It is your character, not mine, that is in question just now, Marcus. Time is passing—do not let the chance I give you slip, or it shall never be repeated—ay, never for you to implore it on your knees."

"Why should I? What use is life to me now?" groaned the wretched man. "Better death at once than such degradation and bondage."

"And shame resting for ever on your head, men execrating your name whenever it is known, your last breath drawn amidst the hootings and groans of an indignant people—is that 'better,' Marcus? Think again ere it is too late."

The tones came like a fiend's mocking accents on the doomed one's ears. The images it conjured up danced like hideous phantoms before his eyes. He closed the lids tightly over them with his fingers. Had he courage to dare such horrors? The shudder that convulsed his frame at the bare imaginings might perhaps be stilled by a strong will, the stainless hands might be held up in fearless appeal for justice. Then a sweeter, gentler voice sounded like music in the dead still of that pause, and a lovely cherub face chased away those grinning phantoms. Blanche had said:—

"Live for my sake."

And that helpless child, whom Heaven seemed to have committed to him as a new tie, a new hope on the desolate earth, called on him for protection and for self-sacrifice. It was a moment on which the destinies of many hung, but at length it flew by, on the sure wings of time, and the die was cast. He raised his head, and even Ralph was struck by the new dignity and composure that had succeeded to the wild agony the noble features had but now worn.

"Ralph Darcy, I will accept your terms, but from no motives that you can as little comprehend as you can feel generosity or remorse in your hard heart. But, remember, I am not deceived. You know the truth—aye, and it will stick like an arrow in your conscience till you are on your death-bed, haunt you till your last gasping breath."

Ralph gave a quick, questioning glance, then he turned away for an instant. Was it a vague threat, or did his brother hold one clue, one thread to the tangled web that was weaving round him? It was too late to doubt or hesitate now, and he returned to the spot with a cool indifference that well veiled his eager anxieties.

"It is well, Marcus. You have shown more sense than you have yet displayed in your mad career. I am glad on every account that I am able to spare one so near me in blood. Now you will swear to me that you will observe your promise, disappear entirely as if the grave were closed over you from every one who could recognize you, abstain from direct or indirect attempts to enforce one right, either during my life or after my death, on pain of the penalties which it will be in my power to inflict at any hour. Will you do this?"

"What security do you give that you will observe your part of the compact?" asked Marcus, a cold thrill running through his veins at this kind of living death inflicted on him.

"The very surest—my own interests and convenience. So long as you do not cross my path, or interfere with me and mine, you are welcome to drag on your miserable existence till doomsday. I shall be in no hurry to ascertain your fate, I promise you, unless you are rash enough to force it on me. Now, swear!"

"Not at all. It is the caprice of the ill-fated little mortal over whom the tears were shed that moved you so wickedly," replied the countess. "Sir Ralph married within a very few months of the said fire, which destroyed the then baronet and his only child, and had, in his turn, one daughter, after whose birth Lady Darcy fell into delicate health, and has been a complete recluse and cypher ever since."

"Then I suppose the girl is chaperoned by her father. She is in charge of yours, is she, Constance?" said Lady Greville, shrugging her shoulders.

"No, Sir Ralph is here also. But the especial chaperone of the young damsel is Lady Beatrice Thornhill, who is some incomprehensible relation, it seems, of the Darcys, and takes the place of the mistress, both at home and abroad. An imperious one, too, I should fancy, far more able to cope with Sir Ralph than the poor, feeble invalid."

"What is the girl like? Is she pretty?" asked Lady Greville.

"Yes, but she has not even been presented yet. She is scarcely sixteen, but I suppose her father is in a hurry to get his heiress fairly out and established."

"Then you have seen her?"

"Only once at an archery fête, where she was frightened to death, I fancied. And Lady Beatrice is such a haughty, handsome, Norma-looking woman, that poor little Geraldine looked like a snowdrop by her side."

"Humph! I have no fancy for snowdrops," returned Lady Greville. "But is she really a great heiress, Constance?"

"Decidedly. Far greater than her little cousin would have been, for Sir Ralph has managed in some way or other to get the entail cut off, and Geraldine is the heiress of all the property, real and personal, as the lawyers say, though there never was a female baronet of course."

"Perhaps he means the title to be revived in his son-in law," observed Lady Greville.

"I scarcely think it. My own idea is that he has already fixed on his daughter's *future*," returned the countess. "That is my notion, at all events, Ida. The young Duke of St. Maur, the catch and the male debutant of the year."

"What is he like?"

"Like! Why, the young ladies would describe him to you as a 'perfect love,' and the mammas as an 'eligible.' I think him an eccentricity."

"How? I like something out of the usual style."

"How? Well, he is not handsome, but he has a wonderfully intellectual face, and a splendid figure. He is rich and his own master, and, *par consequence*, rather haughty and reserved; but he neither flirts, nor is he at all vain. And I have heard some stories of him which speak of a generous, though an eccentric nature."

"Then I shall decidedly take him up and flirt *ad libitum*," returned the little ambassadress, glancing at her person in the glass. "I am not quite *passe* yet, am I, Constance?"

"You are very well preserved, Ida, and really in England we do not call thirty-two so extremely old," answered Lady Mont Aspen, rising. "There, just give a glance in the mirror and you will see a pair of flashing eyes and a faultless complexion and contour. That is where you brunettes have the advantage, *ma diplomate*. Like as you cannot catch his young fickle fancy, you should, in common fairness, leave a chance to the pretty Geraldine."

"Not a whit. I feel a kind of chivalrous sympathy with the ashes of the unlucky *petite*—I suppose in restitution for my cruelty when she was broiled in terrible fashion. Unless I take a sudden fancy to the milk-and-water damsel, it certainly shall step in to the rescue of the victim. As revenge, I shall be dining this evening with Constance. I need time for consideration. At eighteen one might venture on a plunge; at thirty-two it might entail ship-wreck to one's hopes."

Lady Mont Aspen shook her head at the gay little coquette, and left the room to prepare for her own more onerous duties as hostess of the formidable throng.

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"Lady Mont Aspen, I believe you have seen my young charge—Miss Geraldine Darcy?" said Lady Beatrice Thornhill, approaching the countess, with the slight figure of Sir Ralph's heiress in her stately wake.

The countess looked kindly on the timid, half-child creature that stood shrinking unconsciously behind her chaperone, and she confessed there was beauty, if of an insipid and meaningless kind, in that young face. Hair of an almost yellow tone, but soft and abundant as a child's, eyes that were large and well opened, but with a half-startled timidity in their light blue depths; a skin utterly spotless in its snowy tint, and only warmed by the very softest of rose-blush bloom, accorded with small and infantile features, and formed a real if not high or exalted order of loveliness. No one with feminine sympathies could gaze on the soft outlines and the unobtrusive grace of the youthful heiress without a gush of protecting kindliness.

"Yes, Lady Beatrice, I had that pleasure once, and it is one that I have not forgotten," she said, taking the girl's hand in hers. "I am very glad that Sir Ralph distinguishes me by allowing Miss Darcy to make her first acquaintance with the world at Mont Aspen."

Geraldine's fingers involuntarily closed on those of her kind hostess, and Lady Mont Aspen was touched with the naive compliment.

"There, I shall take our little rosebud under my own especial patronage and shelter while in my house, Lady Beatrice. Depend upon it, I will not discredit the trust. Let me see. Where shall I find her a safe escort for the formidable ordeal of dinner? Oh, duke, may I depend on you for taking care of this little pearl? She is just emerging from her shell, and needs tender treatment, you must understand."

The young man thus addressed justified the description of him given by his hostess to her friend. His figure was tall, and well proportioned enough to cover the sins of a much more ample one than he possessed, even if a strawberry-leaved coronet and an ample rent roll had not thrown a yet more effectual veil over any defects. But his rich hair, of a nut-brown hue, his dark grey eyes, which were deepened in tint by long lashes of a yet darker shade than his clustering curls, and the fine brow, which was yet not of any unnatural height, were enough to redeem the irregularity of his features if he could be accused of such that face without bestowing a second and more inquiring glance on its expressive nobleness. He gave one sharp but scarcely perceptible survey of Geraldine's young face ere he replied:—

"You are too flattering, countess. All I can promise is that your *protege* shall not be tormented either by myself or any one else. May I ask for a proper introduction before we embark on the risky voyage to the dining-room?"

Lady Mont Aspen shook her head archly.

"If you do not mind you will terrify your shrinking violet, duke. Miss Darcy, my love, be bold enough to keep his eccentric grace in check. The Duke of St. Maur is really a very harmless personage, or I would not put you in his keeping, even for an hour or two."

Geraldine gave one sly glance from under her down-cast lids, and her eyes met the grave but clear ones of her new acquaintance.

"I am not a hyena, Miss Darcy, and I will keep guard against any other wild animals," he said, with one of his rare smiles. "Pray do not be led away by those alarming hints of Lady Mont Aspen."

Geraldine sexually returned the smile, and there was an infantile sweetness in her innocent look which brought a yet softer expression to the lips of her escort as he gave her his arm, and prepared to follow in the train that were proceeding to the banqueting saloon.

"Is this really your first dinner in public, Miss Darcy?" he asked, as they took their places.

"If very first" she said, in tones that were infantile in their clear softness. "I feel sadly foolish and frightened."

"But I assure you it is quite unnecessary," he replied, coolly. "Men and women are very much alike everywhere, and I believe you will find very little difference between your governess and a great lady. As to our sex, we are accustomed to be extremely alarmed at your power," he added, smiling.

Geraldine laughed.

"Imagine any one being afraid of poor little me," she said. "Your grace is only quizzing me, I fear, though you did promise to be so good."

"Indeed—indeed I will keep my word," he said, earnestly. "But what I did mean was simply that we are all such commonplace, ordinary individuals at heart, that any alarm is sadly wasted. If you will but get this once established in your mind, you have no idea of what a great deal of distress it will spare you."

"But it is all so strange and so bewildering. I actually do not know what is right to do or say. I am sure I shall make some dreadful mistakes," she said, with a bewitching air of confiding yet shy simplicity. "Lady Beatrice will be so angry."

"I should scarcely have believed any one could be 'so angry' with you," said the duke, glancing at the gentle young face. "But suppose we conclude an alliance for the time being," he added, sportively, "and I will engage to protect you against all monsters, real or imaginary, while you are here. First from the monster Famine. Let me help you to some of this *vol a vent*."

The young man was amply rewarded by the bright gratitude of the girl's look as she accepted his attention, and his own manner, perhaps unconsciously, assumed a more tender and *empresse* air than he intended to convey.

"You have scarcely emerged from the school-room, I suppose," he resumed, after a slight pause.

"I am not fully emancipated even now," she replied. "My governess is still in attendance, and those dreadful masters are incessantly worrying me lest 'Miss Darcy should disgrace them when she comes out.'"

"Are you very hard-hearted on the occasion?" he asked, laughing.

"What can I do?" she replied, simply. "I am not clever and I cannot help it, and mama is the only one who understands it, because she says she never could learn all those languages and music and all those endless performance. She was more fortunate than I am, for her father did not mind, though he was very, very learned himself."

"Sir Ralph does mind, then?" said the duke, amused at the simple confidences.

"Yes, and Lady Beatrice, too. They say I am not fit to be the heiress of the Darcys unless I am very accomplished. Oh! I do wish I was not!"

"Not what? Not accomplished or an heiress?" asked the duke, laughing unrestrainedly.

"Not an heiress," she replied sadly. "If I had but a brother I daresay they would not mind about me. I often envy the very cottage girls about the manor. But it is my own fault for being so stupid, I daresay."

"Your troubles would scarcely find much sympathy with most young ladies," returned the duke, more gravely. "Yet I can understand the unworldliness that creates them. May it never be destroyed, Miss Darcy, by the contact with others which will soon banish all your self distrust. Sir Ralph's heiress will not meet with much trial in society, I can prophesy. But to dismiss such grave subjects. Tell me, do you ride?"

"Yes, if the horses are not too spirited I am very fond of it," she replied.

"I have some horses here, one of which is a half bred Arab, a perfection of gentleness—as much so as yourself," he said, kindly. "If Sir Ralph will consent to your using him while you are here I am sure you will enjoy the riding parties which are always going on. I shall ask him to-night."

"But please do not say I am frightened," she said, in a low tone. "He and Lady Beatrice say it is so silly."

"Leave me. I will take it all on myself," he returned, as the ladies rose from the table, inwardly confident that no prudent guardian of a *debutante* would refuse any attention from the Duke of St. Maur, with his princely rent roll and ancient lineage.

He was strangely fascinated by the young girl. She was so fresh, so utterly unlike any of the conventional young ladies who were trained to win and to receive homage in proper high bred style. Was he at last falling in love? That was a question he did not even trouble to ask himself. If he could enjoy and confer a brief happiness by this little, harmless flirtation, why should he not indulge the impulse? So argued Clinton St. Maur. He did not even dream of the engrossing and mad enchantment which he was casting over the young Geraldine Darcy.

* * * * * * *

It was home hours after midnight, and all the household at Mont Aspen were quietly reposing in their chambers, when the door of one of the suite of apartments appropriated to Sir Ralph Darcy and his companions opened softly, and the baronet stole from it to a chamber at the other end of the little suite in which they were situated. Apparently the inmate of the room expected the visit, for it was at once opened as the faint sound of his fingers on the lock was heard, and in an instant as gently closed after him.

Sir Ralph and Lady Beatrice were alone.

No possibility of intrusion seemed to exist, yet the key was turned, and they placed themselves on chairs so near to each other that they could speak almost in whispers without a single word being missed by either.

"This is a great risk, Ralph," the lady began, "but as you wished it of course I complied. I presume you have some good reason for exposing yourself and me to very unpleasant consequences?"

"Oh, you need not be afraid. Your age, if not mine, is ample protection," returned Sir Ralph, sarcastically. "No one will suspect any undue attraction from a woman who might be a grandmother, Beatrice. Viola is younger than yourself, and I hope she will enjoy that dignity before she is your age."

"I suppose you mean that the duke's attention to Geraldine implied something. Is that what has kept us both from rest till this hour?" asked Lady Beatrice, bitterly.

"Perhaps in some measure," he responded; "at least, so far as you cannot be connected with yet more urgent matters. Beatrice, do you remember your words on that first night when I told you of my intention to propose to Viola St. Clair?"

"Am I likely to forget? I prophesied what has come to pass, that she would be a useless clog on your actions, while I have been your sole stay and resource. Ralph, when is my patient devotion to be rewarded? It is—it has been an infatuation on my part. Sometimes I feel to hate you, when I think how I have wasted my life in waiting for what may never—never come."

"Well, so far as that goes, I really could not foresee any more than yourself that Viola would linger on in this species of semi-existence. One would have thought that she could not have sustained as many months in her fragile state. But if years are dried, I will not stand between you, Beatrice, and any other promising chance."

A low, sarcastic laugh came on Lady Beatrice's irritated senses like a rasping file.

"Ralph, do not go too far. I am not one to be insulted safely. You know and I know that my position in your house has been too questionable not to prevent any such chance as you taunt me with. But you, at least, need not be baffled by trifles, unless your affection for your wife is too strong to permit any more effectual measures."

"Woman! what would you imply?" asked Sir Ralph, hissingly. "Would you have me risk murder?"

"Would it be quite foreign to your race?" she asked, meaningly. "If report speaks true, there was some such deed perpetrated in your own time, Ralph Darcy. In Viola's case there is little need of such violent proceedings; a very little would suffice to hasten the snapping of that feeble thread—aye, and with a clear conscience of any such deadly sin. Ralph, you understand?"

"Perhaps I do—perhaps it is that which has brought me here at this hour," he returned. "Listen, Beatrice, and use your sharp wit, for there are things which are safer to imply than to express. Can you not comprehend that every breath of suspicion must be averted in the event of Lady Darcy's fading away from this troublesome world, more especially as much of her fortune depends on her to bequeath at pleasure?"

The lady bowed her head in assent.

"Very well, then it will need the greatest circumspection on our part, and in a little time you will reap a rich reward for all your long services. When Geraldine is married and Viola has gone to a happier world, then will be the time for enjoyment. Darcy Manor will have a worthy mistress, and who knows but that an heir might yet be born to its heritage? Stranger things have happened, even at your time of life, Beatrice."

There was a crimson flush on the lady's still handsome features, but whether with vexation or exulting hopes even Sir Ralph could not determine.

"How is all this to be managed?" she asked. "I do not see any more chance that Viola will, as you say, depart to a happier state now than there was ten years ago."

Sir Ralph smiled meaningly.

"Beatrice, only play your part well. Act as a tender sister to Viola, a second mother to Geraldine, in the eyes of the little world here, and you shall find that I am not ungrateful. I have already given directions for Lady Darcy to have a change of air by going to the seaside during our absence. Let us see what effect that will have under Marston's excellent management."

"I cannot think why you should keep that woman always about Viola," said Lady Beatrice, impatiently. "She is frightfully insolent to me, and I do believe does a great deal to keep her in this half alive condition."

"You forget she is an hereditary servant in our family," he returned, calmly. "She was the only one kept by my unfortunate mother when Amine, and though she did escape so miraculously in that fire, the injuries she received made it but a duty to retain her in the household. Besides, it silences all scandal for so old and trusty a domestic to be Lady Darcy's attendant."

Lady Beatrice looked keenly at him.

"Ralph, is she your master, or are you hers? I have often surmised that she holds some power over you."

"Wrong again, Beatrice. Marston has no secrets of mine in her power, but there is a moral strength in her very presence that may be wonderfully useful in case of need. And her somewhat brusque manner gives double force to her evidence as to the past."

"I do not understand you," said the lady, doubtfully.

"Then you are less acute than I believed. Marston slept only two chambers off the one where little Amine was at the time of the fire, while Perkins and the other female domestic were in the servant's apartments in the wing which was the only part saved. Do you not perceive that her testimony as to the impossibility of saving aught but her charge, even though she attempted her very utmost to get to her, is of immense importance?"

"I do not see how it can affect you, who are said to have been a hundred or more miles away at the time," she retorted.

"Excuse me. When such immense interests are at stake all kinds of reports and suspicions may arise. Amine was at least entitled to the whole of her father's and mother's fortune, though it is only by my perseverance that I have got the entail cut off. Had there been one possibility of her escaping, it is impossible to say what tales would have been invented. As it is, there is no shadow of a doubt."

"There was no one in the house then—no one near at the time of the fire?"

"Not a living being except Perkins and Marston, and the woman who had but recently been engaged, and she died not very long afterwards; but she was found nearly insensible from the smoke by Perkins himself; and Marston, as you know, had such severe burns that she is disfigured for life. So if Amine had escaped, it must have been by supernatural agency."

"Well, I cannot see that it signifies. However, it must, I suppose, remain as it is for the present. But when Viola no longer needs her you will pension her off, I must condition. I really could not endure her near me."

"We shall see. Meanwhile I wish you to give every facility to this young duke, and restrain your own haughty temper to Geraldine. Whatever news may come from the manor, preserve the same amiable inaneness, and on no account betray the slightest understanding between us, or seek any private conversation with me. That little Lady Greville has eyes like a hawk. Now, good night."

He touched her forehead with his lips, but she suddenly sprang up and threw her arms round him.

"Ralph, Ralph," she exclaimed, "I have loved you from my girlish days, as only a strong nature can love. Take heed you do not turn my love to bitterness. I doubt you even yet, but a brief time will test your truth."

He returned her passionate caress with real or affected tenderness, then, holding up his finger in warning, he noiselessly opened the door and passed along the passage to his room. The door was ajar, and even his resolute nature recoiled as he saw by the subdued light the figure of a man seated quietly by the table, perusing some papers that lay on it. Another moment and he had recognised the figure and face of one whom he had not seen for many a long year, and, with desperate self control, he advanced to encounter the unwelcome apparition.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FALSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The stars were in the summer sky—
The breezes bore the breath of June;
Under our feet the velvet sward,
Over our heads the lovely moon;
And, while I clasped her in my arms,
She swore by that bright orb above,
Come weal, come woe, no man should know
But I the fulness of her love!

I need not tell the vows she made—
Of what she promised will not speak,
Nor tell of kisses that I poured
In rapture on her blushing cheek.
"O, moon," I cried, "stand still! ye stars
Shine always in the summer sky!
For I am blessed above the rest,
Ye know full well the reason why!"

Five little short and fleeting weeks!
Once more the moon on yonder sea
Shone brightly—twinkling stars looked down—
But ah! my darling, where was she?
Her vows were broken—she had left
Her fluttering wing for counting newer—
Had married Jones—O, sobs and groans!
And gone upon her wedding tour!

J. H. B.

VALKING EFERY BLACE. NO. 2.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Vell, Sharley, eferyvon's glat dot ve'm ead agin—dot is dey say dey am, bud vedder dey vas or nod dot remains to be saw. Vedder day like id or nod, dot makes leedle difference. Ve'm shdarded now, und six seegar maders mit knifes und dere Domson shdreet "unlud brudder" mit razors, voodend made us dook back seads. Vas are you shaking ad? Do you dink I oney vas dalking dot vay vunse dem blacks und seegar maders dey dond vas round? Don't you made any misdakes, Sharley. I guess of dere vas any couple gwick pisness going to been done dot I know a leedle Brutsian dot vents by der frond name of Sharley dot vas built ad id. Oh, yes, der dwo frond ledders of his name v

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

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NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, Advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER are respectfully requested to address their favors to the Editor and Proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

NEBRAS.—1. Usually the stroke, but frequently the bow. It is immaterial which seat he occupies. 2. Barney Biglin. A. If the champion declines to accept a fair challenge, they must relinquish the title in favor of the challengers, of course. 4. Not that we are aware of, and we are confident they did not do so. 5. See CLIPPER of Sept. 9th last. 6. The Brothers Biglin and Denny Leary made the best five mile time on record, viz., 28:30½.

DARROW, Providence.—1. In the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster last year 2-olds, colts carry 122lbs.; fillies, 119lbs. In the Municipal Stakes, same meeting, colts, 122lbs.; fillies, 119lbs. In the Prince of Wales Stakes, at York, colts carry 122lbs.; fillies, 119lbs. With penalties for winners and allowances for maidens. In the Great Yorkshire, 2,000 Guineas and St. Leger, colts carry 122lbs.; fillies, 119lbs. In the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot the same, with penalties and allowances.

NED, East Northwood, N. H.—1. The answers had reference to that poem. The writer over whose name it appeared disclaims all intention of passing it off as an original production, saying that it was taken from the *St. Helena Magazine* several years ago, and sent to the CLIPPER by mistake, not intending its signature to appear. 2. "J. M. K." is the author of the lines referred to in your concluding remarks.

J. E., St. Joe.—1. Hastings will play left in the Clevelands place, and in the Boston club at all. A. Allison will catch for the Haymakers. The Olympics will play a strong co-operative professional nine in 1872, with Sellman, Waterman, Beals, Burroughs, Robinson, Gleason and Sisserns. 3. Snyder. It is Joe Emmett who sings "De Keyser in his song of "Keyser don't you want to Buy a Keg?"

C. F. H.—The game is an innovation on the regular game of euchre, and there are no recognized rules for its government. Every player or party can make his or their own rules, as there is no standard of authority to decide disputed points. The custom of the place should rule.

W. M., Providence.—We still adhere to our previous statement, which made Alfred's time in the Derby was 3:43, and for which our authority is *Ruff's Guide* and *Bell's Life in London*, which we follow in preference to the paper you mention as authority in turf matters.

Geo. R., Phila.—The fastest 100-yard time on record is 9½secs., made by Geo. Seward, in England; E. D. Davies and W. H. Young ran the distance in 9¾secs. in this country. It was also stated that Daniel Bed had beat Geo. Adams, at Bloomington, Ill., the correct time was nine seconds, but it is not authenticated.

ANDREWS, Boston.—1. A chronology of all the prominent sporting events during the present year will appear in the first two January issues of the CLIPPER. 2. The best time we was aware of in 3 hours 57 minutes 3 seconds, by Spooner; 21 miles in 3 hours 33 minutes 34 seconds, by G. Davison.

RAFFLE, Boston.—Mr. Preston was not responsible for his name being used for a prize. The club is located in Bowdoin Square. When No. 30 was called and Mr. Preston's name opposite was also called, he is fairly entitled to the throw his friend made for him. Mr. Bartlett has no claim whatever to such throw.

SPORTING NEWS, Boston.—Your reasoning is good, but you forget that B, partner with O, precedes him in play, and can therefor play far more risky shots than he could against A alone. It is not a question that can be closely solved by arithmetic. A few practical trials will better solve it.

R. C., Long Island City.—Chris. Lilly beat Tom McCoy at a place about half way between Yonkers and Hastings, N. Y., in 120 rounds, Sept. 18th, 1854. Lilly was seconded by Bill Poole and Jemmy McCluskey, McCoy by Jim Sandford and Hen. Chanfrau. The battle proved fatal to McCoy.

CASINO, Council Bluffs.—You lose your $10. It was the duty of the dealer to see that the bet was properly made, and not to have removed dealing. Failing to do so, the faced card loses him the deal and game.

OLYMPIC, Washington.—Mr. Young has been engaged as financial manager of the Olympics for 1872. Peter has not but six players engaged by the Olympics for 1873, viz.:—Waterman, Beals, Glenn, Burroughs, Robinson and Sellman.

INQUIRER, Rockford.—1. The Cleveland Club have increased their capital stock to $150,000. Their players are included in the list of Boston, Sweasy, Sutton, Holdsworth, Pabor, Allison and Hastings. 2. We think Kimball is the best for tenth man.

SPORT, New Orleans.—1. You win the bet, as they did not fight fifty rounds. The fight was a draw, as both were on the ropes at the battle go with the stakes, which were drawn. The referee had no right to declare all bets off.

D. L. DICKSON, Galesburg, Ill.—Joseph Dion will be thirty years of age in the ensuing month. His brother, Cyrille, is about one year younger, the former having been born in 1842 and the latter in 1843, at Montreal.

M. H., Lowell.—Tom Allen did not fight two different persons by the name of Charley Gallagher. He ought Chas. C. Gallagher twice and James C. Gallagher once. That with the latter was Allen's last fight in which he staked $1,000 against $870.

R. H. B., Loganville.—Bill Poole was shot between 12 and 1 o clock A. M., on Feb. 25th, 1855, at Stanwix Hall, Broadway, this city, the bullet lodging in his heart, where it remained until March 8th following, when he expired.

C. J., Oneonta, N. Y.—We do not answer correspondents by mail. The party who bet that the straight state ticket would receive forty majority wins, if the state ticket regularly nominated by a party averages over forty.

SNOWY BROWN.—1. The parties had no right to play any cards except Ace, Deuce, Tray, Four and Five, and therefore had the privilege of going alone, but C could not play a lone hand. 3. B, in securing three tricks, scores one point only.

SCOTIA, Halifax, N. S.—Henry Coulter is considered such. 2. There is no $2 for Hamill's three miles. He has only to beat Ward—Fox, by Hamill. 3. Goldsmith Maid's time, the best on record, is 2:17.

COLUMBUS, Md.—Billy Emerson was born in Belfast, Ireland, July 1846, came to this country in 1847. We believe he first appeared with Joe Sweeny's Minstrels in 1857, as a balladist and jig dancer.

JACK, Cincinnati, O.—1. The price of board per day at the Grand Central Hotel, in this city, is $3, $3 50 and $4, according to location of rooms; St. Nicholas and Metropolitan, $4.50; Fifth Avenue, $5 per day. 2. Miller's Guide to New York City.

MAX D., Chicago, Ill.—Dr. Divine, of Rockford, Ill.—We have no record of any performer having whistled in public two parts of an air at the same time, although we know of two gentlemen, at least, in this city, who can do so for the amusement of their friends in private.

W. H. STEPHENS.—The longest size of matches between professionals is 2¼ins., less the brass-tip of the cushions. In England, the standard and also popular size is 6ft. inside the cushions.

WHITE.—Question, the century is on its way to this country from Europe. All your other questions relate to the domestic affairs of a lady professional, which we never answer.

J. P. Thompson, Island.—Neil O'Brien arrived in this country in Dec. 31st, 1852. 2. Dick Ralph will shortly act at the Bowery Theatre, in this city. 3. That is his real name.

A. P. B., Baltimore, Md.—1. Mr. O'Reardon is in England, but will probably return to this country. 2. We do not know William Carlton's present whereabouts.

E. R.—There is no mode of deciding which is the better of the two blocks of one being a four handed and the other a three handed game.

NOBLE, Hattiesburg.—Dexter, when he made his record of 2:17¼ at Buffalo, was owned by Mr. Geo. Fawcett and driven by Budd Doble.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—At all fours, the non-dealer is entitled to the game in the event of a tie. B, therefore, is entitled to score nine.

FRANKS, Boston, Mass.—P wins, as Bill Poole was not killed in the saw place, but received his death wound at Stanwix Hall, kept by Gen. Dougle and Col. Duncan.

C. and McC., Chicago.—Sayers' arm was not broken, but it was badly injured in his fight with Heenan. He was able to spar with the latter a week or so afterwards.

JOHN R., Cohoes.—Morrissey fought Sullivan on the 12th of Oct., 1853, and was beaten by Bill Poole, rough and tumble, Ames street block, 4 July 27th, 1854.

E. A. C., Springfield, Mass.—The only way you can get the information is by employing an English solicitor to search the records of Somerset House, London.

A DYER BROTHER, Brooklyn.—To constitute a flush in the orthodox game, all the cards (five), including the one turned up, must be of the same suit.

J. F. O., Jonesboro, Ark.—The fastest recorded passage between New York and Liverpool is 8 days 13 hours and 10 minutes, by the famous Steamer City of Brussels.

J. F. C., Boston.—1. Booth's theatre will seat 1,716 persons. The Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass., will seat 1,826 persons. We have no record of Roberts' Opera House, Hartford, Conn.

J. P., East Boston.—Gift enterprises are bad investments, as a rule, and a man has chances of winning No. 1's money by his impatience in not waiting until the money was done.

M. H., 6th Ward, Lake City.—A wins the money, as the Livonia was the first horse to finish second in the series of seven agreed upon. The question decided against the protest.

HARRY.—A copy of "Rip Van Winkle," as played by Jefferson, cannot be bought, as it is his private property.

ROCHESTER, Rochester.—The ball is covered with an elastic varnish. See manufactured silk in the manufacture of balloons.

RICHMOND, Richmond, Va.—Charles Warwick is traveling with a combination company the present season.

W. D., Boston, Mass.—Spoons and fours best aces and deuces at poker dice.

SPOONER, Kingston.—1. D, by giving C two points for the pitch, puts him (C) out. 2. At Middletown, Armagh Co., Ireland.

W. H. H.—I cannot take B's bet(s) of two fours which he called 9 with a 6, but he can do so with an 8.

FRANK, Cairo, Ill.—Three cards do not constitute a flush, and the player who held three aces wins the bet.

CLUB HOUSE.—"Does an ace, deuce, tray, four, five, beat a king queen, jack, ten and nine?".....No.

F. J. E.—There is no remedy for the disease, and your fowl will die in time.

YOUNG KENTUCKY, Fresh Soda.—M must pay the forfeit of his own action, and A will be the gainer.

R. WOLFSON, Pittsburg.—Please send your address, as we have not room for it here.

T. S. O.—The Hoppedites won the second and third games of the series of three games. The next game will be played on Thursday, 21st inst., at Masonic Hall, 23d street and 6th avenue. The Association of the junior fraternity wrote to meet at Masonic Hall on Monday night, 18th inst.

JUBILEE, Cincinnati.—Ryer and Sullivan, Pen., 1867; Bradley and Hamill, A. M., 1867.

J. K. and J. C.—The best standing jump on record is 12ft. 4in., by Ed. Somers.

C. W., Owensboro, Ky.—Heenan weighed 195lbs. when he fought Sayers. 2. If you feel satisfied.

E. T., Lowell, Mass.—That is something with which we have nothing to do.

ESSEX, Pittsburgh, Pa.—If they have not already received them, they doubtless will.

SMITH & CO., Newark, N. J.—Consult a lawyer if you are anxious to know.

J. V., Sacramento.—There are but few horses, indeed, who can accomplish such time.

P. HALLIGAN.—See answer to your question elsewhere in this column.

J. H. R., Providence.—1. Cannot state positively. 2. There was no regular challenge issued.

A RACER, Paterson.—You can make yourself eligible to compete whenever such race is announced. We don't know of any now.

CHARLIE, Cincinnati, O.—We believe the lady is still in Boston Mass.

AMATEUR, St. Louis, Mo.—Negro performers with a circus command from $20 to $40 per week, according to ability.

CLIO HALL, Rochester, Pa.—A. T. Stewart's store, corner of Broadway and Tenth street, N. Y., is an iron building.

WAGER, Lockport, Ill.—Bass is right; we saw it in the year 1871, at present.

J. T. B., Montreal, C. E.—We have no knowledge of Harry G. Watkins' present whereabouts.

B. O'LEARY.—See dramatic summary of the present issue for the route ahead of Lydia Thompson Troupe.

ANICUS.—1. Apply to some dramatic author or adaptor. 2. We decline to recommend any one.

SCOTIA.—Captain Lott is the captain of the Cunard steamer Scotia at this time.

R. V. H. S., Belmore, O.—The day commences immediately after twelve o'clock P. M.

J. A. S., Fall River.—Jemmy Massey beat Norley, *alias* Geo. Hall, 66 rounds, 1 hour 45 minutes, Greenhithe, Eng., April 13th, 1867.

SUBSCRIBER, Detroit.—For the time it lasted, that between Morrissey and Heenan was the hardest.

AGONIZED INQUIRER.—Captain Ferguson is busily engaged, at some pecuniary sacrifice, too, in re-organizing the Atlantic Club.

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P. HALLIGAN.—See answer to your question elsewhere in this column.

J. H. R., Providence.—1. Cannot state positively. 2. There was no regular challenge issued.

A RACER, Paterson.—You can make yourself eligible to compete whenever such race is announced. We don't know of any now.

CHARLIE, Cincinnati, O.—We believe the lady is still in Boston Mass.

AMATEUR, St. Louis, Mo.—Negro performers with a circus command from $20 to $40 per week, according to ability.

CLIO HALL, Rochester, Pa.—A. T. Stewart's store, corner of Broadway and Tenth street, N. Y., is an iron building.

WAGER, Lockport, Ill.—Bass is right; we saw it in the year 1871, at present.

J. T. B., Montreal, C. E.—We have no knowledge of Harry G. Watkins' present whereabouts.

B. O'LEARY.—See dramatic summary of the present issue for the route ahead of Lydia Thompson Troupe.

ANICUS.—1. Apply to some dramatic author or adaptor. 2. We decline to recommend any one.

SCOTIA.—Captain Lott is the captain of the Cunard steamer Scotia at this time.

R. V. H. S., Belmore, O.—The day commences immediately after twelve o'clock P. M.

J. A. S., Fall river.—Jemmy Massey beat Norley, *alias* Geo. Hall, 66 rounds, 1 hour 45 minutes, Greenhithe, Eng., April 13th, 1867.

SUBSCRIBER, Detroit.—For the time it lasted, that between Morrissey and Heenan was the hardest.

AGONIZED INQUIRER.—Captain Ferguson is busily engaged, at some pecuniary sacrifice, too, in re-organizing the Atlantic Club.

M. S. O.—The match was made by Bendix & Co., corner of Williams and Platt street, N. Y.

DOC., Jersey City.—His wealth is variously estimated all the way from ten to fifty millions.

FRENCH.—1. You are correct. 2. You would do better by negotiating in person.

SUBSCRIBER, Knightsville.—Jim Mace was born at Beeston, near Swaffham, Eng.

O. B. S., New Orleans, La.—Send a specimen report mailed so as to reach us, at the very latest, on Monday morning.

L. C. D., St. Louis, Mo.—Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 20th, 1829.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore, Md.—The lady was born in this city in 1832.

SPORT, Albany.—We shall be pleased to receive such items at your convenience.

W. S. B., Marathon, N. Y.—Order them through some music dealer.

RAVELL, N. R.—All United States licenses for shows have been abolished. The local licenses still continue in force.

KARL, Pittsburgh, Pa.—We have no knowledge of the lady you mention.

E. E. D., New Orleans.—If the bet was that the battle would not be fought out, A wins the title.

C. LEVALLE.—We prefer not to insert the advertisement. Send your address and we will return the money, with an explanation.

SHOOTING STICK, Windsor, Vt.—B having ordered it up, D had no right to go alone.

O. T. LAWRENCE, Philadelphia.—It will probably appear in our next.

A. M.—You can make a second build on the table without taking up your first build.

DON, Detroit.—Eighty yards is the customary boundary in pigeon shooting, single rises.

R. W. F., Mount Vernon.—Three of a kind, whether aces, deuces, trays, etc., beat 17 at raffles.

F. C., New Haven.—The penalty of two holes for a misdeal is not exacted in this country.

DAVID BERG, Detroit.—John Merrissey was born on the 5th of February, 1831.

W. H. F.—The one is anticipated this week by a poem with a somewhat similar title; the other is not up to your standard.

F. W. G., Cincinnati.—The highest throw that can be made at poker dice is five sixes in the first throw, three aces.

R. S. M., Boston.—Two points for a euchre only, notwithstanding the player played alone.

W. W., Boston—It is being odd man out, A went out the first throw, and C had to pay for the three aces.

J. F., Green Bay.—At poker dice the ace is low and the six high.

T. A. O. C., New Brighton, Conn.—One dollar and twenty cents.

BUCKLEY, Boston.—No: Patsy Evans is the "Rondout Giant."

ANCIENT EXPERIENCE.—Forty-seven dollars and forty-four cents.

L. A., Albany, Ga.—Keep your present situation, by all means.

M. W.—We do not KNOW the present whereabouts of the lady.

DAVE, Phila.—At crib bage, three 7's, an 8 and a 9 count 21.

D. L., Flint, Mich.—Jumping Dandy, measured from toe to heel.

MOSS, Troy, N. Y.—Please to write on one side of paper only.

G. D., Battle Creek.—I *drank* water, would be more correct.

J. B., Owego, N. Y.—Cannot give you the date of it.

JOHN PHILBIN, Wood's Run.—He was knocked out of time.

W. B. D., Warren, O.—The lady has retired from the stage.

J. H. R., Toronto.—Great Britain has the strongest navy.

GEO MARSH.—Both are drawn.

W. H. E., Chicago.—We have no record of such time.

K. W., Phila.—It was General Sickles, not Sigel.

FRANK DUMONT.—Three dollars and sixty cents.

SUBSCRIBER VOL. XVII.—Will appear in the cloth volume soon.

BETSEY.—We can supply you with a copy.

J. W. SOUTHARD.—Respectfully declined.

G. W.—It will appear in a week or two.

BIG, Phila.—Both are drawn.

D. R. Webster.—A loses his deal.

J. GORMAN.—Will give it a place.

J. J. G., Buffalo.—See this issue.

BURNT OFF.—The game is off.

CRICK.—Received.—thank you.

EXTRA NOTICE.

We are having prepared a record of fast time, and an almanac for 1872, to be presented with the NEW YORK CLIPPER bearing date December 30, 1871. This time table will include the fastest authenticated time on record of horse-racing, trotting, pacing, pedestrianism, jumping, leaping, tumbling, ocean passages, steamboat runs, rowing, and other events of a sporting character. Our almanac, in addition to months, days, and dates, will give the record of some noteworthy event for every day in the year, the whole forming a valuable compendium as a neat and reliable source of useful information. The time record and calendar will be printed on good, clear type, on fine tinted calendered paper, one copy to go with each CLIPPER sold of the above mentioned issue, viz.: Dec. 30, 1871. There will be no additional charge for this extra sheet, but each and every purchaser of a copy of the CLIPPER will also be entitled to a copy of our time-table and almanac.

As there will be a very large demand for the CLIPPER and extra sheet, news dealers will confer a favor upon us if they will send in their orders, as early as possible, to those agents with whom they deal, so that we may be enabled to form some estimate of the number of extra sheets needed, the printing of which, being necessarily slow, will have to be commenced some days ahead of the printing of our regular paper. Have no fear of being stuck, as the time table and almanac alone will readily sell at any time for the price paid for the paper. Let every buyer of a CLIPPER of that date see that he also gets the extra sheet. If it is not given to him with the paper, let him demand it as a part of his purchase.

The CLIPPER of that date will also contain a very artistic engraving of a skating scene, and a variety of Christmas stories, poems, etc., in addition to the usual digest of theatrical, sporting, and other matters, which comprise our specialties.

Send in your orders without delay. We never advise agents to increase their orders for CLIPPERS unless we are certain that they are to be benefited by it.

VOTE OF THANKS.—We take this method of returning thanks to "Lew. Ginger," of the Slave Troupe of Georgia Minstrels, performing in St. James Hall, Liverpool, for a copy of an English magazine nearly one hundred years ago, containing old play bills, odd critiques, etc., with some of which we propose to enrich our "Varieties" column from time to time. We also desire to tender our obligations to Mr. John Clayton, of the steamship line through whose hands the work was delivered to us.

A HUMORY PREACHER.—We see by the court reports that a colored preacher has recovered $400 from the Narraganesett Steamship Company because they refused him a seat at the table on board the steamer Providence. He didn't care to take the *refuse*-al of a second table after getting *refused* at the first on account of his *color*, which he had no idea of being considered a *just color*—hence the suit.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.—There is no mistaking the signs—shop windows are "crowded from pit to dome" with holiday "slick nax," and already there is scarcely "standing room" to be had in some of the toy stores. Children look joyous; but turkeys have no idea of what they are being stuffed for; they labor under a pleasant delusion, which cannot last much longer.

THE OLD STORY.—Some ignorant scribbler on the Chicago *Times* calls a communication which recently appeared in our columns, signed by a number of well known actors of Chicago, an "anonymous scrawl." Now *there* is a case where the *anonymous scrawl might* be benefitted by having a "head put on him."

THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON are always boasting of their Common, and how they are beautifying it. By the way they are all talking, one might suppose it to be their *Common-wealth*. It *now* appears that the spot is enclosed by nearly six thousand feet of iron fence. And yet it is a *pretty common affair for all*.

FUN ON THE WATER.—The good people of Boston are so strictly temperate, and evince such a decided liking for cold water that in an extra effort a few days ago they completely run the reservoir dry. Which goes to show that even temperance may be carried a little too far.

AN IRISH MAGISTRATE says that the use of tobacco produces hypochondriasis, amaurosis and locomotorotaxy. And yet people still "chew the bitter cud."

TOY IMPORTATIONS.—It is stated that within a very few days 10,000 lotto boxes, 5,000 roulettes, 5,000 boxes of dominoes, and 2,500 "palasjames" have been shipped from Havre for New York. Indicative that Christmas is coming.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

**** Senator [illegible] died at Washington, D. C., on Dec. 6th, and President Grant sent in his third annual message, in which he recommended [illegible] of several items, the [illegible] of port collectors [illegible] on the Mexican border in respect of the Washington treaty [illegible] policy of the government with regard to international [illegible] reports presented [illegible] debt, and estimates for carrying next June at $317,000,000. [illegible] recommend's reduction and reform and recommends [illegible] for repeal of the income tax [illegible] Territory [illegible] Georgia, [illegible] Alabama, [illegible] Arkansas, [illegible] Colorado, [illegible] Nevada, [illegible] Oregon, [illegible] Kansas, [illegible] Nebraska, [illegible] Dakota, [illegible] Montana [illegible] Utah [illegible] Washington [illegible] Arizona [illegible] Indian Territory [illegible] Alaska [illegible] Florida [illegible] Mississippi [illegible] Louisiana [illegible] Texas [illegible] Virginia [illegible] Tennessee [illegible] Kentucky [illegible] Missouri [illegible] West Virginia [illegible] Maryland [illegible] Delaware [illegible] New Jersey [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] New York [illegible] Connecticut [illegible] Rhode Island [illegible] Massachusetts [illegible] Vermont [illegible] New Hampshire [illegible] Maine [illegible] Michigan [illegible] Wisconsin [illegible] Minnesota [illegible] Iowa [illegible] Illinois [illegible] Indiana [illegible] Ohio [illegible] California [illegible] Oregon [illegible] Nevada [illegible] Colorado [illegible] Nebraska [illegible] Kansas [illegible] Dakota

THE RING.

THE LATE FIGHT.

COBURN AND MACE IN CINCINNATI—BOTH COBURN'S HANDS SMOOKED UP—STRANGE ACTION OF THE REFEREE.

The newspaper accounts of the "scientific meeting" between Joe Coburn and Jim Mace, while touching on the fight in general, do not give the details, from the fact that the reporters, who merely went to report and not to investigate, had not the opportunity to find out all the little ins and outs of the match. A gentleman who was an eye-witness, just returned, sends us the following letter, which throws more light on the much-argued merits of the contemptible affair than anything which has yet appeared. Read the letter:

NEW YORK, Dec. 11th, 1871.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR,—I was a spectator at the fight between Coburn and Mace on the 5th of November, and, in your opinion, I will endeavor to say I saw and knew about the same. In the first place, whoever says that this fight was a put up job and that no money was up does both men an act of injustice. The public are too eager to cross over, and I think if those who speak would have taken the trouble to find out the facts it would have been far more creditable before indulging in wholesale condemnation on the heresay of others. As far as the money making part of it went, a few plain facts may answer. The referee-made had for my $200 for the train, and give $100 to the police before the excursion was allowed to start. Every man, no matter how well fixed, including city and other officials, demanded tickets before a step. Some newspaper editors threatened to have the train stopped, if he didn't get six tickets. The wishes of these parties were complied with rather than the fight should not come off through interference. Out of the spectators, numbering between 700 and 800, but 362 paid; the amount realized on the train was less than $3,000, of which Coburn received $800. Coburn got first blood in the third round, and the New Orleans Picayune of Dec 1st gives that event to him. While making for Mace's neck, Coburn drew the blood from his shoulder by his fist coming in contact with a couple of eruptions—in the same round he drew blood from Mace's mouth, and in the fall incurred his left side against the ropes. In stopping a terrific right-hander, aimed at his short ribs, Coburn received a blow on the arm, injuring the tendons so that he could not shut his left hand from the 6th round. In a couple of rounds after this, when Coburn was endeavoring to lead on Mace's short ribs, he struck him just above the hip, knocking his other hand up, and it swelled up so as to be useless to him afterwards. It was in this round that Mace pitiously claimed a foul, and even went up to the referee for him to feel where he was struck. Mace's left hand was gone, but he still had his dangerous right hand, while both Coburn's hands were useless for punishing. In this dilemma all that Coburn could do was to clinch and throw Mace, which he did whenever Mace came to the scratch—the struggles were very severe, and on one occasion both men landed on their heads, Coburn throwing Mace clean over the ropes. At the commencement of the fight Mace was the favorite at 5 to 1, but in the tenth round it changed, as Coburn's friends were relied on his power of endurance and wrestling qualities, and one enthusiastic Hibernian offered $25 to $1, which was taken. Mace was called to the scratch three times in the eleventh round, but each time he flew back in his corner, the slimy nature of the ground, in Mace's corner, preventing Coburn from rushing in to close on him, Mace standing there with his right hand ready to cross—counter or jump one side, whereby Coburn might have seriously injured himself by the stake behind Mace. Mace was heard to say, in an excited voice, that something would have to be done, as he couldn't stand it much longer, whereupon his second, Tom Allen, put on his coat, whether as a signal or not, I do not know, but at that time the referee stepped in the ring, ordered Coburn back to his corner, and declared the fight a draw; by what right, or for what reason, was unexplained, as there was a good hour before dark, and the referee had publicly stated beforehand that he would not draw fight if it took a week. When the referee stopped it, Mace was very weak and Coburn was almost as strong on his legs as at the early part of the fight.

The men gave no exhibition at New Orleans, and went to Memphis by solicitation. It was their intention to come right through to New York, but while in Cincinnati one of the managers persuaded them to stop for a few nights. In reference to the stake-money, Cusick, Mace's backer, has a part of the stakes back from the stakeholder, and James Coburn his brother's, together with the $600 he bet in the ring, which was sent by express to Mr. Case, of this city. Every one knows that the fight must at last have come to have lasted but very little longer, and the fact that Mace publicly admitted in the ring that Coburn was the best man he ever fought, does not reflect much on his hidden qualities, as he certainly would never have acknowledged such a thing if he didn't think it was so. Mace has saved his friends money, or perhaps I should say, the referee has, and I suppose that was the main point. Yours, etc.

JUSTICE.

EDWARDS AND COLLINS RELEASED.

After several postponements the case of Tim Collins and Billy Edwards, who, on May 27th last were convicted of violating the law by engaging in a prize fight on Long Island, and sentenced to imprisonment in the Black well's Island penitentiary for a term of one year and to pay a fine of $1,000 each, was argued on appeal in the Supreme Court, General Term, before Judges Ingraham and Bernard, Dec. 6th. The prisoners' counsel addressed the court, arguing that they were illegally held, the evidence adduced at their trial failing to show that the fight in question had been set on foot or arranged in this city or county, merely proving that it had been consummated in Queens County, L. I., which was beyond the jurisdiction of the Court of Special Sessions by which they were convicted and sentenced. A technical distinction was also followed, claiming that as it was clear that the fight had been arranged here, the Court of Special Sessions had full power to pursue the course it did. After deliberation Justice Ingraham delivered his opinion, which was, that as the conviction was illegal it was therefore unanimously reversed. Prisoner's counsel then produced a writ of *habeas corpus*, asking that they be immediately discharged from custody, which was granted, and Collins and Edwards were once more at liberty. We need not say that Tim and Billy were overjoyed at this result, nor that they thanked most warmly Harry Hill, who all along laboredindefatigably to secure their release, as did Billy's brother, Harry Edwards. They were also congratulated, as they left the court-room, by numerous friends, and as they subsequently made the rounds of the various sporting houses in the city, everywhere met with expressions of the sincere pleasure all felt at seeing them free again. Though they have suffered much mentally, their confinement has not had an ill effect physically; but it has had the effect of thoroughly "cleaning out" their exchequers. With a view to replenishing the same and setting the unfortunate young Hibernian upon their feet again, testimonial benefit has been tendered them, and is to take place at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre, No. 26 East Houston street, on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 13th, when we trust that the sporting fraternity and others who sympathize with Edwards and Collins will give substantial proof of the sincerity of that sympatay, and their friendship, by filling the house to overflowing. They have suffered much unjustly, and certainly deserve, as we are confident their will receive, the kind offices of all. Aside from all this an exceedingly attractive entertainment will be presented, embracing sparring by the best exponents of the art in the metropolis and vicinity, an olio performance by Billy's company, club exercise by Harry himself wrestling by Homer Lane and Matt Grace, gymnastics, staging, dancing, etc., by well known volunteers. For additional particulars see "bill of the play." Dooney Harris, for the first time in a long while, is to don the mits with Jack Chanfrau to face him, while Bob Smith and John Clark will have a go. Billy and Tim will appear in fighting costume, as they did on Long Island last May.

TOM KELLY CHALLENGES COBURN.

Subjoined is a challenge from Tom Kelly, of Bradford, (who beat Connor, Lomas, Bill Brown, Jack Rooke—cross—and Dick Rowley, and was beaten by Rooke and Harry Allen) to Joe Coburn, one of whose seconds he was in the recent meeting near the Crescent City. Accompanying it, as a proof of sincerity, is a deposit of $250. Much as many persons would desire to see such a match made, there is but little probability of their being gratified, as Coburn expressly stated, prior to the late fight, that he would not again enter the ring. It will cause not a little surprise to the pugilistic fraternity when this challenge from Kelly, who had not been thought of in connection with Coburn, Mace, Allen, etc., and many conjectures will be indulged in as to "what's in the wind?" If Coburn does not accept, however, perhaps somebody else will accommodate Tom, who, it appears, has been so long endeavoring to get on a match with some man at 150 lbs. Here is the *dad*:—

To MR. JOSEPH COBURN.—NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 3d, 1871.—Finding it impossible to make a match in any person at one hundred and fifty pounds weight, I hereby challenge you to fight me at catch weight, for the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars a side, within one hundred miles of New Orleans, and within four months from the signing of the articles. Conditioned (provided he will consent to act) that Mr. Rufus Hunt shall be final stakeholder, and be authorized to appoint the referee; he declining, any *equally responsible* gentleman whom he may select to perform those duties. I herewith deposit the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars as a voucher of my good faith. Hoping this will meet with a speedy and favorable response, I remain, very respectfully, TOM KELLY.

HICKEN AND OXFORD.—Everything goes on all right in the match between Harry Hicken and Tom Oxford, of Philadelphia, and the interest felt in its result among the fistic fraternity there is considerable. As will be observed by the appended communication from Harry, the amount of the stakes has not yet been increased, though Hicken's backer, Jim Colbert, is ready and willing to add as much to the original sum as may be desired. Harry is training at Jarvis', Germantown, with Scotty as mentor. Read the letter from the fistic blonde:—

FRANK QUERE.—DEAR SIR,—Having seen, in the last issue of your paper, a statement from Tom Oxford, stating that he would fight me for a different amount, and leaving the paltry sum of one hundred dollars aside, my backer, Jim Colbert, called at the house of Mr. Pearson and offered to increase the amount to one thousand dollars a side. Failing to find Oxford at Mr. Pearson's, my backer went to Jim Murray's, where they told my friends that Oxford could be found. My backers will increase and put up any amount of money that will suit Mr. Oxford. Any person wishing to put up will find my backers and money at Jim Colbert's, the Woodbine, 378 Arch street, Philadelphia. Respectfully yours,

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10th, 1871. HARRY HICKEN.

COBURN AND MACE gave an exhibition of fistic skill at Broom's Opera House, Memphis Tenn., on Dec. 8th and 9th, en route to New York. Exhibitionizing will bring them in much money, for it only adds to public suspicion. Those who attend may feel assured, however, that they will not be so averse to exchanging blows when they've got the $1,000 a side and they were in the ring. O'Baldwin, it is understood, has challenged Mace to fight for $2,500 or $5,000 a side, either at New Orleans or in Canada, three months after signing articles, but we have not received anything from him.

JERRY DONOVAN SHOT.—About six o'clock on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 10th, Jerry Donovan, of Philadelphia, who fought Jim Murray and Jack Conway, was shot in the abdomen during an affray with Pat Osbert and Mike Shea, of Scranton, Pa. The ball entered the bowels, cutting them, and it was thought that the wound would necessarily prove fatal. So we are informed by a telegraphic dispatch from J. W. Lee on the 11th. No hopes were entertained of his recovery.

HARRY HICKEN had a very good exhibition at Clark's on the 4th inst., but that of Uncle Tovee, on the 8th, was poorly attended. Geo. Seddons' father did not appear, according to promise, which wasn't treating Uncle Bill right, to say the least of it. The wind-up was between Tovee and Patsy Hogan, the latter acting as M. C. also.

GEORGE ROOKE is, we learn, getting along swimingly in his hostelries on Newark avenue, Jersey City, having made many friends during his brief sojourn there. Those residing in that section who desire instruction in the art of boxing could no do better than call and see George.

IZZY LASSARUS, convicted of illegal registration in the Fourth Ward, this city, at the late election, was sentenced on the 11th inst. to imprisonment for a term of one year in the State Prison at Sing Sing.

JIM ADAMS has concluded not to give an exhibition at Jersey City, but will be the recipient of a "ben." at Allerist's Hotel, Forty-first street, and Eleventh avenue, on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 13th. The entertainment will embrace boxing, singing, dancing, etc.

COBURN AND MACE are announced to give an exhibition at City Hall, Pittsburgh, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13th. They, with Pooley Mace and Jim Cusick, are now stopping at the Robinson House there.

DAN CARR has withdrawn the $25 posted sometime since for a match with "Red Handed Micker," which fell through. He says he's matched with St. Clair, of Dubuque, Iowa.

YOUNG TAYLOR is to take a benefit at Clark's, 50 West Houston street, on Saturday, Dec. 16th. Geo. Rooke will box him in the wind-up.

WE HAVE letters for John McAlpine and Arthur Chambers.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 286.

R. W. GEORGE, whose address find elsewhere, wants a partner with capital, to join him in running a side show.

MONS. D'ARC, who is at present exhibiting his WAX WORKS and marionettes at the Rotunda, Dublin, Ireland, intends coming to New York shortly with his exhibition, which is said to be very extensive, and similar to Mad. Tussaud's in London. Managers wishing to secure Mons. d'Arc can address him as per advertisement elsewhere.

ODD FELLOW'S HALL, Canton, Miss., can be rented through the proprietors, whose card is in another column. It has a stage, with dressing rooms, &c., and will seat about one thousand persons.

THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR," humorous lecturer, is putting in the month of December in Illinois and Wisconsin, under the management of J. S. Bliss, Northwestern Lecture Bureau, After Jan. 1st he comes east, his engagements being made by the American Literary Bureau, New York city. He lectures in New York in January.

MAGICAL APPARATUS can be had of Burnham & Queen, whose card find elsewhere.

RENTZEL'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, Logan, O., which has just been completed, can be rented for the holidays by a responsible company. The proprietor, through his card, states that it has a stage, with scenery and four dressing-rooms, is seated with arm chairs and will accommodate twelve hundred persons.

BILL POSTERS having an interest for sale are requested to address "A Partner," care of this office.

THE NUMO HALL, at Dayton, O., can be rented through L. F. Thompson, agent, who advertises. It has a stage, wire scenery, etc., is heated by steam and will seat four-teen hundred persons.

MARVIN, the wizard, is billed to perform at Greenville, Pa., Dec. 11th, and remain during that week, thence to Meadville for seven nights, commencing the 18th.

SAM WELSER showed at Washingtonville, O., Dec. 4th and 5th; Canfield, 7th and 8th.

MRS. MACBRADY gave dramatic recitations at Springfield, Mass., Dec. 6th.

MR. AND MRS. BURNHAM, with the Tableaux of Rita, performed at Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 4th, and at the close of their performances they presented Father McCluer with a handsome sum for the benefit of the poor of his parish. They performed at East Boston the 6th, and are billed to perform at Manchester, N. H., 8th and 9th; Nashua, 11th, and Clinton, Mass., 12th.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS performed at Oswego, N. Y., Dec. 4th and 5th, and went thence to Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg.

THE MIRROR OF IRELAND is to be exhibited at Oswego, N. Y., Dec. 11th, 12th and 13th.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX were exhibited at Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 4th, 5th and 6th, thence to La Crosse, Wis., and Milwaukee.

HEYWOOD'S American and European Combination performed at Wickford, R. I., Dec. 5th; Wakefield, 6th; Brand's Iron Works, 7th and 8th; Westerly, 9th, and is billed to perform at Stonington, Conn., 11th; Mystic Bridge, 12th; Willimantic, 14th, and Rockville, 15th.

COMMODORE FOOTE AND SEWARD TROUPE performed at Bedford, Ind., Dec. 4th; Mitchell, 5th; Seymour, 6th; Columbus, 7th; Mount Vernon, 8th; Aurora, 9th, and is billed to perform at Lawrenceburg, 11th.

MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON is billed to exhibit in Philadelphia, Dec. 18th and 19th.

THE VARIETY HALL, which will seat about one thousand persons, is being built at Chatham, Canada.

S. P. BRITTINGHAM advertises for sale a receipt to prevent paste from freezing.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., can be rented for vacant dates after Jan. 15th, 1872. For particulars see the advertisement.

L. W. SEAVEY has a lot of scenery for sale, which is described in his card elsewhere.

JEROME BLITZ, illusionist, and company, performed at Fort Wayne, Ind., during the entire past week.

THE ROYAL JEDDO JAPANESE TROUPE performed during the past week at Topeka, Kansas.

MISS LILLIAN EDGERTON lectured at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on Dec. 4th, on "Gossip," to a good audience.

WM. E. HARLAND, silver roller skater, has associated with him, A. Silvester, Jr. Both gentlemen are capital skaters.

HARRY TALBOTT was in Pittsburgh last week, *en route* for Baltimore.

REV. W. H. MILBURN inaugurated the star course of lectures under the auspices of the Western Lyceum Bureau, at Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 5th.

WEBB'S HALL, Warren, O., is advertised to rent. It has recently been refitted, has a stage, with scenery, and will seat six hundred persons.

W. DILLINGHAM, whose card is in another column, is prepared to furnish stage hardware, mounting noiseless scenery rollers.

MRS. LAURA V. ELLIS is announced to give a couple of entertainments, Dec. 11th and 16th, at Washington, D. C.

B. F. TAYLOR, Esq., is to lecture at Washington, D. C., on Dec. 18th, under the auspices of the G. A. R.

TOM MURRAY, of Tony McCrystal's troupe, on his recent visit to Pittsburgh, presented Jimmy Quinn, of the Variety theatre Company, with a handsome meerschaum pipe as a token of friendship and esteem.

SIGNOR RUBINO, the magician, that was billed in Springfield, Ill., for one performance on Dec. 7th, failed to come to time. He showed in Peoria the night before, and in the man holding the ticket for the horse which he (Rubino) proposed to give away, on applying at the stable the next morning for his horse, was told there was no horse for him. He at once got on board of the train and came to Springfield, and there he had Rubino arrested for swindling, and he was made to pay over the sum of $200 to the Peoria man. He gave the man $100 and an order on the postoffice for the rest, and then got aboard the train and left for parts unknown, leaving his printing and posting bills all unpaid. So wrote our Springfield, Ill., correspondent, on Dec. 8th.

MCEVOY'S NEW HIBERNICON will be exhibited at Mechanics' Hall, Fourth and George streets, Philadelphia, on the 15th and 16th inst., for the benefit of the poor of the Parish of the Immaculate Conception. Wm. Lawber, Irish vocalist; Miss Mina Geary, Miss Rosa Daley, and Frank McEvoy, lecturer, will assist in the entertainment.

COL. JOHNSTON'S panoramic "Tour of Europe" received its last representation at Mercantile Library Hall, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 9th inst., the attendance during the week being fair.

PROF. CROMWELL'S Art Entertainment continued to be exhibited at Concert Hall, Philadelphia during the week ending the 9th, but failed to attract much patronage.

SCHNEKY is advertised to let for balls by A. L. Cooke, who also supplies costumes.

W. BEAUMONT DUHRING, advance agent, can be addressed as per advertisement.

FARRAR HALL, Erie, Pa., and Frisbee Opera House, Union City, Pa., can be rented for the holiday week, through Sell and Backus, who advertise.

BANGS can be had of Parker and Hudson, whose address is in another column.

B ARNOLD JONES, the agent for Macallister, the magician, while putting up a stand of bills at Akron, O., recently, was quite severely injured by being kicked in the leg by a horse. Show business throughout Ohio is reported as bad.

ED. MORLEY, ventriloquist and magician, performed at Oskaloosa, and Keokuk, Iowa, during the past week.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINQUPLEXAL is to exhibit at Troy, N. Y., Dec. 21st and 22d.

OLIVE LOGAN lectured at Rochester, N. Y., on "Nice Young Men," Dec. 6th.

WASHBURN'S MORAL SHOW is billed ahead as follows:—Newton Lower Falls, Mass., Dec. 14th; Malden, 15th; Medford, 16th; Watertown, 18th, and Hyde Park, 19th.

JOHN BILLINGS lectured at Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 7th, his subject being "Milk." He drew a full house.

BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn, N. Y., is advertised to let by the night or week, or it can be leased for a term of years. It will seat over two thousand persons.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is announced to read selections from "Henry VIII," at Providence, R. I., Dec. 26th.

MERCHANT'S PANORAMA OF IRELAND was at Phœnixville, Pa., Dec. 4th and 5th, and Falls of Schuylkill 9th.

ROBERT BYRNE, Irish comedian and vocalist, lately with McEvoy's Hiberaicon is with this show and W. L. Ford is the advance agent.

MARTINO, the wizard, is to commence a week's season at Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 11th.

Amateur.

AT THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia, the regular performance on the 6th inst. consisted of "Perfection" and "Black-eyed Susan." Mrs. Charles Henri creditably sustained the characters of Kate O'Brien and Susan.

"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD," and "Foodles," were produced by the Dramatic Union Association of Philadelphia on Wednesday, the 6th inst., with Messrs. McKeon and Wright and Miss Rose Goodall in the principal characters.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, presented "Oliver Twist" on the 7th inst., with Miss Mollie Revel as Nancy Sykes, and Mr. T. C. Bennett as Bill Sykes, and the remainder of the cast being generally well sustained.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, is to give a pay entertainment on the 14th, at Brock's Hall. They intended originally to have acted "Robert-son's Home," but owing to the play being in MS., they abandoned the idea. Their programme is to consist of "Nine Points of the Law," "Bamboozling," and instrumental, vocal, and dramatic selections.

THE THESPIAN SOCIAL UNION meets on Wednesday evenings at Bowery Hall, No. 189 Bowery, this city.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Brooklyn, have secured the building in Washington street, opposite the Brooklyn Institute, as a Lyceum Theatre, and they propose to open on the 25th. It has been prepared expressly for amateur theatricals.

A NUMBER of the former members of the defunct Clinton Dramatic and Musical Society of Brooklyn, L. I., held a meeting in that city on Dec. 8th, with a view to organizing a new company.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

FROM LONDON, Eng., our advices concerning amusements there and elsewhere, are up to Nov. 25th. At the Court Theatre, "Coals of Fire" was produced on Nov. 20th, a description of which may be found upon an outside page. On the 27th, a new burlesque, by T. F. Plowman, entitled "Isaac of York," was announced for production. At Drury Lane, a morning performance of "Macbeth" was announced for Dec. 6th, in aid of the Chicago Sufferers' Fund.....At the Haymarket the last nights of Miss Amy Sedgwick were announced.....At the Adelphi "Notre Dame" has been withdrawn, and a new and original drama, entitled "Hidden Treasures," by the late Tom Parry and John Oxenford, substituted. .....At the Lyceum, on Nov. 28th, was produced a new drama, in three acts, by Leopold Lewis, entitled "The Bells," adapted from the "Polish Jew," a dramatic study by M. M. Erckmann Chatrian.....At the Strand, J. S. Clarke continued to act Dr. Pangloss and Toodles, and on November 27th, the burlesque of "Ivanhoe" was to have been reproduced, with Miss Augusta Thompson, who was to have made her first appearance at that theatre.....At the Gaiety, Dion Boucicault was announced to make his first appearance in London during four years Nov. 29th, in a new drama of his own, entitled "Night and Morning."..... At the Surrey, H. J. Byron's new burlesque, entitled "Cartouche, Man and the Fair Baccara; or, the Bad Djin and the Good Spirit," had been produced, and was thus spoken of:—"The piece itself has no literary claims. It serves as a framework for scenery, dresses and dancing. The scenery in this case is admirable, the manner in which the Chinese willow-pattern plate and other oceasionalities of Chinese art are reproduced being exceedingly ingenious. The songs and dances are popular, and the transformation scenes are splendid. Roars of incessant laughter were produced from an audience which cheered every song, every chorus, and every dance, except one, which contained a little clevverness and burlesque merit, and so passed without approval. What shouts of delight great pieces of this kind the critic may as well hold his peace, cease to prate of art, and sink into a chronicler."..... At the dress morning performance of H. J. Byron's comedy, "Partners for Life," announced to take place on Dec 9th, for the benefit of the family of the late Mark Lemon, editor of Punch.....At the National standard, T. Swinbourne and Henry Marston were to have commenced an engagement Nov. 27th, acting in a round of legitimate plays.....At the Britannia James Anderson was to have commenced a twelve nights' engagement on Nov. 27th, opening in "Hamlet."..... At the Pavilion, a new and original drama, by R. Towers, entitled "By Command of the King," was announced for production on Nov. 27th.....No changes had occurred at any of the other theatres.

G. B. Lewis built a substantial theatre at Calcutta, India, in a little more than three weeks' time. It was opened on Oct. 31st, with the singing of the national anthem and Leicester Buckingham's comedy, entitled the "Silver Lining." The theatre is thus described: "The building, which has thus rapidly started up from the earth, is no toy-house. It is strongly built, from rattened and roofed, and capable of holding eight hundred people. The length of the auditorium, or space between the foot-lights and the back of the pit, is 69 feet; from the foot-lights to the back of the theatre the distance is 70 feet, and from the foot-lights to the back of the stage, 62 feet, making the entire length of the building 132 feet. The extreme breadth is 60½ feet, including a side passage all round the house, but not including the dressing rooms and the passage or "corridor," also, which are outside the building. At the opening of the proscenium the width is 36 feet, and at the curtain, 29 feet. The proscenium, or space between the foot-lights and the curtain, is peopled by two upper boxes, and below by doors leading behind the scenes. The proscenium is ornamented with four Corinthian columns, one at each corner. Besides these two proscenium boxes, there are only five others, two on each side of the house near the stage, and over Viceroy's seat in the middle of the dress circle. The dress circle is supported on iron pillars. It is reached by a double staircase, and seated for three hundred people. The theatre is entirely lighted by one large sun, consisting of a circle of gas jets about eight and a half feet in circumference. Round this sun, and all round the building beneath the roof, there is a space for ventilation, and it is believed that the strong current of air which is produced by the gas will effectually ventilate the house. The new theatre, like the opera house, is open all round, and no water has been laid on, there is little fear of any accident in case of fire. The theatre is built on the piece of ground immediately behind the old Calcutta Club.

MR. AND MRS. ROUSBY commenced an engagement at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 20th.

MISS RATHBAN was to have commenced an engagement of six nights at Bristol, Eng., Nov. 27th.

W. H. SEBBERY, for many years lessee of the Paisley and Glasgow theatres, died at Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 14th. He left a wife and four children to mourn his loss.

MISS. JOHN WOOD and company were performing at Belfast, Ireland, at our latest advices.

MISS ISABELLA BATEMAN was acting at Birmingham, Eng., at our latest advices. On Nov. 17th she made her first appearance at Drury Lane, as Juliet in the first three acts of "Romeo and Juliet," the dresses and dancing. The scenery in this case is admirable, the manner in which the Chinese willow-pattern plate and other oceasionalities of Chinese art are reproduced being exceedingly ingenious. The songs and dances are popular, and the transformation scenes are splendid. Roars of incessant laughter were produced from an audience which cheered every song, every chorus, and every dance, except one, which contained a little cleverness and burlesque merit, and so passed without approval. What shouts of delight great pieces of this kind the critic may as well hold his peace, cease to prate of art, and sink into a chronicler."..... At the dress morning performance of H. J. Byron's comedy, "Partners for Life," announced to take place on Dec 9th, for the benefit of the family of the late Mark Lemon, editor of Punch.....At the National standard, T. Swinbourne and Henry Marston were to have commenced an engagement Nov. 27th, acting in a round of legitimate plays.....At the Britannia James Anderson was to have commenced a twelve nights' engagement on Nov. 27th, opening in "Hamlet."..... At the Pavilion, a new and original drama, by R. Towers, entitled "By Command of the King," was announced for production on Nov. 27th.....No changes had occurred at any of the other theatres.

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Negro Minstrelsy.

J. T. TOZER'S CREOLET MINSTRELS performed at Bacup, Eng., Nov. 18th, and on that day had a narrow escape from a serious accident. The train which conveyed them to that town, when a short distance from the station, ran off the track and was brought to a sudden standstill by the engine and tender becoming embedded in the ground. Fortunately the train was going at a very slow pace, and, though the members of the company were somewhat shaken, none were seriously injured.

CHARLEY CHERRY'S company of Christy Minstrels performed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng., Nov. 21st.

Circuses.

NO CHANGE OF IMPORTANCE had occurred at any of the equestrian establishments in London, Eng.

MISS ADA ISAACS, female jester, made her first appearance at Pinder's Circus, Barrow-in-Furness, Eng., Nov. 20th..... Mr. Ribton, manager, had been summoned to the county court of Hartlepool, and Taylcure's Circus, at Cardiff, Eng.....At Guinotti's Circus, Coventry, Eng., "Dick Turpin's Ride to York" has been the chief feature.....Willett, Shakespearian clown, was the star at Allen's Circus, Dundee, Eng., Nov. 20th.....Wombwell's Menagerie exhibited at Stockton-on-Tees, Eng., during the week ending Nov. 25th.

MR. MANDERS, the proprietor of the animals that bears his name, died at Dumfries, Scotland, Nov. 18th. After his visit to Glasgow, during the past summer, Mr. Manders made a tour with his collections of animals through the extreme northern districts of Scotland, in the course of which he encountered much bad weather, unprecedentedly heavy roads, and other great difficulties in the transport of his large establishment, and in the commissariat, but throughout the journey of many hundred miles and many draught horses. An illness contracted under the anxieties and exposure incident to those conditions brought him again to Glasgow, about a fortnight ago, to recruit under medical treatment He had been destined, under advice, to chance finally the remedio that he had followed for the last thirty years, and entered into negotiations with the French government for the purchase of his entire collection—that government being desirous of restoring the holiday attractions of the Jardin des Plantes, which the siege during the seige. On Nov. 16th he exposed himself in the intense cold of the entire day in superintending the movements of his caravan over some heavy roads in Ayrshire, and on the following day he was seized with severe concession of the lungs, which proved fatal on the 18th. He lived exclusively with his caravan during the last thirty years in a costly carriage, curiously constructed, to give all the comforts of a dwelling house. He was a bachelor. For a time period was much famed in America and in England as a most daring and successful "Lion Queen." He has left no family. We are informed that Mr. Bostock, in recent period, while balancing the claims of retirement, he declined an offer of £20,000 for the traveling portion of his establishment, being wishful to complete a final tour through Great Britain. He had reached within a few weeks of its proposed accomplishment when death cut short his last illness. Mr. Manders was of a very genial disposition, and among his friends had many singular stories to tell and many sagacious reflections to make upon the varied and often wonderful incidents of a remarkable life. From practical knowledge he had acquired of the brute creation in the course of his long experience was both extensive and curious. The business, we understand, will be conducted by his widow.

Miscellaneous.

FREDERICK MACCABE has leased the Charing Cross Theatre, London, Eng., which he will open with his entertainment entitled "Begone Dull Care" for a season, commencing Dec 2d.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS read at Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 20th.

MAS. ALYCE MORCOMBE read at Dudley, Eng., Nov. 21st, and at the conclusion of the performances the local Garrick Club presented her with an address.

GEN. TOM THUMB and comedy were at Falkirk, Eng., Nov. 17th.

THE TYROLESE NIGHTINGALE Company are to commence a series of exhibitions, extending over two weeks' time, at Queen's Hall, Liverpool, Eng., on Nov. 27th, and were to go thence to Edinburgh, Scotland, for one week, commencing Dec. 18th, and then Glasgow for three weeks. The Liverpool Mercury of Nov. 28th speaks of the exhibition as follows:—"At the receptions which commenced yesterday afternoon, and were well attended, the necks of the young lady were adorned with handsome brooches, the gift of the Princess of Wales. The visitors were both astonished and delighted, as we are sure most of those will be who attend Queen's Hall during the short stay of Millie Christine in this town. The young lady is accompanied by Captain Bates, the Kentucky giant, 25 years of age, 8 feet high and weighing 478 lbs., and his wife (late Miss Anna Swan, of Nova Scotia), equal in height, and almost in weight, to her husband, the lady and gentleman forming the largest and best proportioned couple perhaps ever seen in the British dominions."

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

LAST WEEK OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF LAST WEEK OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF MR. SOTHERN. MR. SOTHERN.

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF LAST SIX NIGHTS OF LORD DUNDREARY. LORD DUNDREARY.

SATURDAY LAST DUNDREARY MATINEE.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 16, FAREWELL BENEFIT
AND LAST APPEARANCE OF MR. SOTHERN.

MONDAY, DEC. 18th, after elaborate preparation, will be produced the great spectacle, the BLACK CROOK.
NEW ARTISTS, NEW MUSIC, NEW SCENERY, NEW DRESSES, NEW WONDERS. 57-11

BOWERY THEATRE.

EVERY NIGHT.
ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY
with the distinguished and world-renowned artist,
Miss LUCY RUSHTON,

"THE MAN OF THE CROWD."

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Under the lamplight's flickering glare,
In the crowded streets of London,
Hurries a form with whitened hair,
Now following here, now pearing there,
But hurrying on and on.

On with the crowd of busy men,
On to the end of the street,
Back with the crowd he comes again
And rinses his step on the pavement when
The night and morning meet.

He sees the hurrying, busy throng,
Yet cares not where they go;
Whether they go for right or wrong;
But with painful step he marches along,
And they jostle him to and fro.

He has left the crowd and he stands alone,
Away from the world of men;
He shudders, and back with a weary groan
He hurries along the paving stone
And walks with the crowd again.

The crowd is gone, no form is near,
Save the form with the whitened hair,
But curses and oaths, and a drunken jeer
From yonder alley reach his ear,
And he hovers near them there.

Oh, anywhere but alone with his crime,
With his terrible crime alone;
So he hurries along till the midnight chime
Has scattered the crowd and rung out the time
When half the night has flown.

Oh, the remorse of a haunted past,
With the terrible phantom crime,
Following on with footsteps fast,
Hurrying on from first to last,
Dying only with Time.

Winter and summer, night and day,
In that crowded street of London,
The mass of crime, so haggard and grey,
That walks and walks his life away,
Is ever hurrying on.

E. A. M.

A DEVIL OF A FELLOW.

A GERMAN REMINISCENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY OSCAR BRUCE.

"Will you oblige me with a light?"

"Certainly."

And I passed my fragrant "Henry Clay," with its jewel of fire shining out through a snowy wreath of ash, to my neighbor, who, having imparted the promethean spark to his own trachilizer, returned it with thanks. We had rode a great many miles, side by side, never speaking a word, my neighbor and I, but I had let my paper on my knee, while I shifted my eyes from the window, across me, rather definite signs that a conversation was imminent. I am fond of tongue wagging—to tell the truth—a Walt Whitmanish quality, which, in America, will give a man many stray bits of information and insight into character, providing he doesn't stop to pick his company. But in England, this is more than seldom met with, snubbing from all kinds and conditions. My neighbor was a Briton, it needed no ghost to tell that. His florid complexion, sandy hair and whiskers, and style of dress, wrote "Manchester" on his person, as plainly as though it had been inscribed in crimson letters across the back of his tweed walking coat.

"Rather a dreary ride from Trappan to Brunen," my neighbor remarked at last.

"Well, I have seen pleasanter, to tell the truth," I replied with a smile, and I could hardly have been credited with much originality for the remark, for a more dreary wilderness of naked groves, firs, soulless streams and hard, unattractive mountain land, I had never passed over, than the regren of Silesia, in the domain of Joseph, by the grace of circumstance, Emperor of Austria.

"We are a bit late," my neighbor remarked; "this Moravian territory is, to my thinking, the sweetest in Germany during the harvest, and even in the late autumn. In November, traveling for pleasure is a curious business."

I cleared my throat, for this "curious business" was exactly what I was at. My neighbor was inquisitive and communicative, and he was not long in finding out that I was an American, and several bits of information as regards my business pursuits and the like. He had spent several seasons in New York, and on this one point we found sufficient topic for conversation.

"You have at least retained one Yankee trait," I said, good naturedly, after he had finished a lengthy commentary on a few of our national peculiarities.

"Indeed," he said, "what is that, pray?"

"That of inquiry!"

We both laughed; he acknowledged the corn, and I accepted the least drop of brandy from a silver cup he carried on the bottom of the flask. After this the conversation became a little more general and spirited.

"I suppose you stop at Brennerei?"

"Brennerei—why, to tell the truth, I have no such item on my route, and what is Brennerei, pray?"

"It is not a port town, but simply an irregular stoppage. I take a coach from Brennerei, this train generally making a stand there, and I pick up some lace between it and Brunn. But I should by all means stop at Brennerei."

"And why?"

"Oh, they have a charming little game there—I forget what you call it—some French insurrition, played with a little wheel, a set of numbers and an ivory ball."

"You mean roulette?"

"Yes! roulette."

Now I am passionately fond of this game, and if Brennerei had no other attraction. I should have probably passed on, but so few and far between are these opportunities for gaming in the stolid German country, that I determined to make a temporary break at Brennerei.

Just at dusk the train stopped at this point, and not a little to my surprise there was an exceedingly large exodus for an "irregular stoppage." My little baggage—I carry but a small wardrobe while traveling—was checked on to Brunn, so I let it wend the balance of the journey by itself.

The tavern or "schenke" at Brennerei, was a simple old fashioned structure, well seasoned, and seeming to carry its century of years with broad oaken shoulders. The gables and eaves were fashioned with the antique substantial quaintness of manner, and were overrun with some hardy creeper, whose stalk, clad in straw near the roots, left the dog, whitened fingers, stained with the cold face of the house. There was nothing commonplace in the appearance of the "kreiges-lieb," and the most impudent would hardly swagger up the graveled walk, or call in a voice of wonted rudeness for his "white wine" or "early beer." It had an air of stateliness as it frowned heavily, dark and stained in hue, through the bare network of gnarled trees. A light burned ruddily from the window of the dining room, and fell in a broad red sheet on the ground strewn with crumbling leaves. The old host himself seemed to have become as well seasoned as his mansion, and looked brown and hardy as though the toughness of the oaken boarding had been partially absorbed in his system. I found the room well filled, with the usual loungers in a German drinking resort—the sallow, dangerous student, the stout, well to do planter, the dirty philosopher with a affected spectacles, long pipe, jaunty cap, and one of which type addressed me soon after I had entered, subsequently to my inquiring of old brown faced silver head, the host, the way to the spielhaus. This was certainly a mistake, but being under my own guidance—my new made friend having procured his couch and started on his trip—I had accordingly to make a stout stake for information.

The little fellow drew into an amusing passion and vented at my unprotected cranium a vigorous succession of highly seasoned oaths, which were only partially comprehended by the unfortunate object. I thought with Bob Acres that it was a shame that so much good passion should be wasted, but retired without making any further remark. I ordered a stein of cheese and onions, the latter a spirit of red revelation for my supper, and was discussing the same when my seedy philosopher laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder——

"You wished to see the playing," he said, with a knowing wink.

"Yes," I replied. "I certainly would like to look on; perhaps to try my fortune."

"Well, finish your supper and then we shall tempt the coquette."

"Come, join me."

Old Philosophy went at it with tooth and nail, without the least compunction, and his appetite gave evidence of an efficient chyle department or of a long refrain from the "staff."

After wiping his chops with a dirty bit of colored cotton, he proceeded leisurely to fill the China bowl of his pipe with some decocolated crumbs of tobacco, dug from the depths of his Pustian wrapper. Having lighted the same with flint and tinder, he turned confidentially to me, threw a volume of villainous smoke in my face and proceeded to open his portfolio of knowledge.

"My friend of the house is peppery; he is so on account of caution," and he laid his finger on the side of his pimpled nose and liked to have choked me with another blast of discouraging tobacco smoke. "Now," he continued, "this is the 30th of November, a sort of minor Walpurgis, and there are strange stories afoot about the room up stairs. It is said that this night certain bad spirits fill this neighborhood, and tempt uneasy ones to play. They are in human shape, and we must not exhibit the least fear in case of meeting them."

At this juncture Philosophy presumed so far as to call for a glass of spirits, and proceeded with his silly story. I fancied I had an old man of the sea on my shoulders, and suppressed a yawn as he continued his gossip.

"Fortunes have been made by a mere indulgence in a little bravery, as these demons have no power over those who oppose them. But show a particle of weakness, and the result is ——. Well, you know what they say."

I was striving hard to keep down a laugh, when my quondam acquaintance crouched forward, with an expression of abject terror on his face;" "see," he cries, with a half stealthy movement of his forefinger, "the evil one, by all that is holy."

I gazed where he indicated, and just for a moment a shadow seemed to pass from the lighted room and unite itself with the gloom of the hallway; a shadow, seemingly gifted with human attributes, for it had the appearance and form of a man. The countenance was Satanic—the form, covered from head to foot with a sable cloak, showed its sharp, angular proportions, through the covering, and beneath the shadow of a slouch hat beheld that demoniacal face which Scheffer has so often depicted in his etchings of "Faust." There was the same arched eyebrows, extending up the retreating forehead; the same moustache with needle points; the same small, evil eyes, black with their spark of fire, and set in a protruding white ball, that gleamed clearly against the sallow color of his wrinkled skin; the long, tapering tuft on the chin all helped to make up the wickedest countenance I had ever set eyes upon. The figure had moved so quietly, like as if it were moved along by a gust of wind, that I began to doubt my senses, and for the first time the legend of my attendant began to gain so no credence in my mind, in spite of all I could do.

"By Jesu, I am for my den," exclaimed my philosopher, "not for all the gold in this place would I risk the night beneath this roof."

"And I will remain," said I, laughing, feeling half ashamed to acknowledge fear, "the devil is a person oftener talked about than seen."

"By the Virgin, then, it was one of his dearest angels. For me, I am off. If you wish to stay you are welcome to do so; merely ascend yonder stairs, rap at the door, twice single, then a double, and you will be admitted. But," he put his mouth close to my ear, "don't show a particle of fear; if you should, there is no hope for you."

When this philosopher had departed, I determined to put my fears to the rout, and ascended the stairs indicated. Giving the necessary signal, I was admitted by a pretty boy with a head of naturally flaxen hair, the door being snapped too sharply after I had entered.

For a moment I could hardly see; the glare of brilliancy, so different from what I had expected, took my sight and breath away. Three gorgeous chandeliers, literally ablaze with flame, sent a glow of radiance over the most gorgeously appointed room I had ever witnessed. Even through Paris, Brussels or Vienna I had never seen anything to equal the fixtures of this room. The carpets were of the softest velvet, designed in choice clusters of flowers and fruit, not uniform in design, but seeming to break into the strangest, most capricious confusion. The walls were tinted in delicate mauve, with; sharp lining of golden lace, falling at places into rich folds, almost as vivid as nature. The alcoves were filled with tinted Parian statuettes, or *etages*, covered with exquisite articles of *bijouterie*. The ceilings were frescoed in the Pompeiian style, broken here and there with gorgeous bits of mosaic. All this was reflected by a number of polished mirrors, as was also the scene in the centre of the room. There was an excited, chattering crowd gathered about a table, and the sharp click of the ivory ball and the rattle of the wheel told the story at once that it was the gaming table. Close by was a little stand covered with *liqueur* and delicacies. Getting closer, I saw that a heavy game was in operation, and that the numbered strips on the table were covered with little heaps of gold and notes. One beautiful woman was in the room, seated at the table, with two hectic spots on her cheeks, and her eyes glistening with excitement. Time and time again she won, having the luck against the table and sharing with the bank. Her earnings she stuffed in a small satchel which she held in her lap. At length the players began to thin, retiring in disgust at the run of ill luck. I must have stood for over an hour watching the play, under the influence of a powerful fascination. I had not dared to enter the game, for the stakes were higher than I had ever ventured even in my wildest moments, and to place a small sum on a turn would but subject me to derision. The desire to play, however, was gnawing like a worm at my determination, and at length, with an impulse which I could not restrain, I placed a thirty thaler note on the "manque." This color had been unfortunate that evening and was quite bare. I was directly opposite to the lady, and she looked up with a look of mingled surprise and anticipated triumph, whilst I returned the glance with an expression of quiet confidence. The game was made and the wheel set whirling. The ball gave several revolutions, and as it grew fainter and fainter in its course there was a long drawn breath of anxiety on the part of the others as well as myself; it paused and fell in the number "sixteen."

"The bank wins," was the cry.

"Begging pardon, gentlemen, I have backed the manque," I remarked, quietly.

"That is very true," said the banker, "and I received ninety thalers."

A moment later and the "manque" was covered with bets; my friend opposite, notwithstanding her pique, ventured a large sum on the color, but this time backed the single number "thirty-two." Again the ball revolved, and while the company snickered in their sleeves at my foolhardiness. I never drew breath until it almost caused, then it droped plumb and square into the little cavity marked "32." For a moment there was not a sound to be heard. Then a whisper went softly around and I was eyed with glances of distrust and suspicion; but I was almost delirious, and I felt my head growing larger with an excess of blood, and all I could do was to mechanically grasp the roll of notes the banker thrust in my hand. I had won thirteen hundred thalers, and was not surprised to hear the banker exclaim, "make your last game, gentlemen, it is almost time for retiring." I was evidently a black sheep and the play would be stopped until I had quitted the place. I now noticed that my lady friend had retired from the apartment in affright. Not caring to involve myself in any difficulty, I left the table and sat down on a luxurious sofa that stood in the shadow of a silken curtain, and reposed my head on my hand.

"You are nervous, excited," said a soft, gentle voice, and looking up I beheld with a shudder the features of the Mephistopheles whom I had beheld passing up the stairs. He held in his hand a small glass of dark red liquid.

"This will tranquilize you," he said with a smile, probably intended to be soothing; but the black eyebrows met, and their ends extended further into the protruding forehead, while the bristling ends of the moustache seemed to writhe with wicked spite. So close his face was to mine that I felt the hot breath pouring on my forehead. I was shrinking back when the words of my vagrant adviser came sounding clearly in my ears—"*Don't show a particle of fear; if you should there is no hope for you.*" There was desperation in the nervous effort I made, and as I accepted the glass and lifted it to my lips, I fancied I saw gleams of fire passing through the liquid.

"Don't fear," he said, quietly; "it is the best of brandy."

I drained it, and it seemed to burn like fire as it passed down my throat. I was wonderfully soothing, however, and I felt a stronger feeling in my heart, and Hamlet's words came to my brain. "and for my soul, what can it do to that, being a thing immortal as itself?"

"May I be seated?" said the stranger.

"Certainly," I replied, and pointed to the sofa.

The cloak had fallen open, and I beheld a rich suit of black, close buttoned, with a little line of white showing above the collar of his coat.

"You are, no doubt, surprised," he said, as he placed himself beside me, "that a stranger should interest himself in you. But the fact is, I have lived in your country——"

"The devil a doubt," I said to myself;" I have heard of you often."

"And I have received many favors from your countrymen."

"Read," I thought, "that's very true, for I know of cases myself," and a whole multitude of sins committed came swarming into my remembrance, and I did not feel so easy as I had left.

"My card;" he held a small slip of pasteboard to me and I accepted it, reading thereon:—

"A. Mansprite."

"I had to leave this country for political reasons, and I found an asylum in America. I saw you were from that country, and perhaps," his voice sinking to a whisper, "as you may need a protector to-night, I have taken that office upon myself."

"A hell of a constable you'd make," said I to myself, without meaning the least profanity.

"After a time the room will be cleared, and we can have the table for a few little ventures between ourselves."

How long we sat there I could not say, but at length my comrade, pulling my sleeve, called my attention to the fact that only the banker was present besides ourselves. During the interim, Mephistopheles had poured into my ear stories of *diableree*, vampires, goblins and the like, until the air about me seemed peopled with phantoms.

"We will play alone, my friend," said Mephistopheles, waving his hand to the banker, and he affrightedly withdrew, making a cringing bow at the door; such an acknowledgement as an evil spirit would make to Lucifer.

A second draught of brandy set my blood on fire. Between us we kept the ball in motion; white my companion's eyes grew up at the edge, withered fingers, at the slightest symptom of fear, and at length my companion, with a demoniacal scowl, threw the ball on the floor, exclaiming in a burst of devilish fury:—"Thou trifling varlet, dost thou desert me?" In a moment he recovered himself, and exclaimed:—"Forgive me, I forgot myself; but come, it is now past midnight, let us take an orange and another dash of brandy and then—to bed."

For the first time I yawned in my company—must I also lay down shoulder to shoulder with this incarnate monstrosity? Then also I noticed he *carried no shadow with him.* I was not dreaming, but broad, wide awake; I could have contented myself had I let or imagined it some horrible night-mare, but every thing about me was too plain—*too obvious. I was awake*—there was no doubt of that.

The next thing I remember was that I was standing in a room disrobing myself; Mephistopheles was standing at the window watching the broad yellow moon as it came slowly over the bare branches of the trees, and the coal of a cigarette he was smoking threw a baneful glare on his face, his lips seeming to move as if in converse. "Conferring with his cohorts," I said to myself, and with a plunge I threw myself into the couch, with which the apartment was provided. The cold pillows felt comforting to my throbbing head, and I closed my eyes, in hopes that I would fall into a slumber, and thus forget the fiend who was with me. For a time I lay motionless, and a torrent of strange fancies came flooding through my brain. Then I was growing quiet, and the gentle picture of home lay before me. But oh! it was rudely awoke by a strong hand pressing on my breast. I opened my eyes and saw the wicked face peering into me. In vain I essayed to speak or move, the faculties of seeing and hearing were the only ones I retained, and as he bent closer, I felt his hot lips pressed on my neck. The horrible legend of Lord Ruthven came to my mind, and I felt that the fiend would soon be sucking out my life. I could see the bright moonlight clustering about his matted black hair, and the red sparks of expectation in his eyes as he pressed my head back with his bony fingers.

With a loud shriek I broke the spell and sprang upon him in a frantic effort for life. I grasped him by the throat. He struggled like mad, but to no use; his power was gone now, and I felt like Luther, grappling with this evil one, when——

It was broad daylight, the sun was gliding the naked trees, and fell upon the floor where I grasped my unfortunate chamber mate by the throat, while his tongue hung out like that of a parched cur. In a moment I released him from my grip, when, half dead, he rose from his reclining posture and tried to articulate. He sputtered and spat, and at last got out these words:—

"Oh, for the love of heaven, why do you have such horrible dreams? A moment more and I would have been in the next world."

I made the best apologies I could and he accepted them in the best of good nature. No longer was he Mephistopheles, but a poor, weak creature, more so, even than myself. My head was racked to pieces with a jumping headache, but I finally got it under subjection with the assistance of some brandy and soda. We had a good breakfast together, my bad spirit and I, and at parting he asked me to call upon him if I ever returned to Troppan, where he resided.

"It was mixing that brandy with cheese and wine that did your work for you," he said, "and it like to have done mine also. I'd have never given you such a dose had I known what you were putting it on."

I met my English friend at Brunn, and related the circumstance to him.

"Why," he said, "Mansprite is one of the most charitable men in this region; he has also been a political patriot, but rests under the pardon of the government. In short, he is what you may term a devilish good fellow."

"And that," I replied, "was exactly the mistake I made, for I took him for a devilish bad one."

A Challenge in the Backwoods.

It so happened that while Major Campton was traveling in his own conveyance, and accompanied by his wife, during a pleasant day in the summer, he came to a halt on the margin of a certain river and shouted for the ferryman. In due time the indispensable gentleman was ready, and while inquiring the news of the day he was suddenly smitten with a new thought, and dropping the painter of the old scow, looked inquiringly into the major's face, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"Stranger, ain't your name Major Campton?"

"Yes, sir, it is. What business have you to transact with me?"

"You are the very man I have long been wanting to see, for you must know that I am *the Bully of the North.*"

"Indeed. What do I care for that?"

"I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter, and I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can."

"Why, man, I have nothing against you, and do not want to make a fool of myself."

"But you shall, though, my honey; and you don't cross this ferry until it is decided who is cook of the walk."

Remonstrance on the part of the major was all in vain—the ferryman was determined to fight. The major held a short consultation with his lady; who was, of course, in great trouble; but taking off his coat and unbuttoning his straps, he stepped out upon a grass spot and waited for the ferryman's attack.

To shorten a long story, the fight was a tedious one, and ended in the total defeat of the challenger, who presented in himself, after the struggle, an admirable picture of a misspent life. He had, however, strength enough left to ferry the champion over the river; and when the major offered to pay the accustomed fare, the latter held out his hand, but making a rude bow, he exclaimed—"Not a dime, sir. Good afternoon."

PLAYING PINTS.—A Venango millionaire lost a lot of money and offered $10,000 reward for the thief. When he was caught he hired a lawyer to get him acquitted, so as to save the reward. Now that isn't encouraging honest industry.

VEGETABLE POETRY.

On'on garden bed reclining,
Sa-ara a vo-ets his aching head!
Cau'iflowers! Lo, a-eeds confront me!
L-ttuce hence, he sadly said.

Carrots out the strongest manhood,
Fear my weary soul doth need;
Bean Of jarlic for me hereafter,
Else my heart will go to seed!

AMONG THE SHOWMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY KIT CLARKE.

A WORD FOR THE SHOWMEN—A RASCALLY CARPET BAGGER—HORSE THIEVES—SHOWMEN AS DETECTIVES, ETC.

It has been said that showmen, as a class, are not any too honest; in fact, that, as a general thing, they are quite the reverse. What a pity it is that men do not stop a moment and think before expressing such an opinion, especially as they generally speak from what they have heard others say, and scarcely ever from personal knowledge. I hold that there are no people in the world, as a class, more honest than showmen. Let us look at them as they are. For seven months in the year they are "on the road," scarcely ever remaining in any town over a day, and very often, when they have left, complaints are made that property has been lost. Of course the loss is immediately attributed to the showmen, and they are far away and cannot defend themselves. "Them d——d showmen done it," is heard right and left; that closes the argument, and in the minds of many settles it, while perhaps the showman never saw the lost property. Sometimes no property at all is lost, and the complaints are made merely to attach odium to the name of showmen.

In the month of November, 1869, I stopped at the Leslie House, at Athens, Alabama. I was agent of a circus and had run back to see the show, intending to return by the midnight train. Everybody had gone to bed and I alone sat before the fire in the office waiting for "train time." Feeling somewhat tired I laid down upon a bench and partly closed my eyes. While lying there a decently dressed man entered the room, walked up to the fire, boldly took my satchel, which I had set upon a chair, and started off with it; but just as he reached the door I jumped up and grabbed him by the collar; then waking the porter, I sent him for the landlord, who presently came in. "This man," said I, "attempted to steal my value; what should be done with him?"

Mr. Leslie, the landlord, seemed to be dumbfounded—a more astonished man I never saw. He told me that the individual was the son of one of the most prominent and influential citizens of the town, and gave me his name, declaring himself greatly astonished to hear of such a thing. At the landlord's request he was permitted to go, with a few words of advice; but who can doubt for a moment that I would have a stranger, and the satchel had been stolen, people would have said "those d——d showmen stole it." There are men who lay in wait for just such an opportunity, knowing full well that the crime will be credited to men who are innocent, and thus screen their own guilt. It also occurs, and quite frequently, too, that bad men become attached to a show in the capacity of workingmen, and when they have been with an exhibition three or four days they call themselves "showmen." A manager, on engaging a man in a country town, cannot ask for a history of his life—he needs help and must have it; so he employs a stranger who, for aught he knows, may have left a prison the day before, and this man may commit a depredation and run away, thus leaving behind him a stigma that will surround the whole company, and no amount of good will efface the one evil deed. There are gentlemen in the show business to-day —men with whom, I am happy to say, I am personally acquainted, who would scorn to even countenance the semblance of a dishonest act, whose very nature is honesty itself, and who would be the very first to punish a man who would commit a depredation of any kind.

Why should odium be attached to showmen, and not follow other professions? Is the man who sells you fifteen ounces of tea for a pound an honest man? Is the one who gives you thirty-five inches of calico for a yard an honest person? or the one who charges sixty cents for half a dollar's worth of tobacco? These are very small matters, yet they occur every day; but who ever heard anybody say:—"That d——d grocery man done it," or "that d——d tobacco store keeper done us and so!" Oh no, of course not, but the adjective "d——d" comes in handy and seems to fit "showmen;" so if anything wrong occurs "when a show is in town, the showmen done it." Right or left is, "That d——d showman done it." A gang of thieves attempted to steal some mules from a show at Winnimac, Indiana, on June 28th, 1871, but they failed in the attempt. Had they been some other party's mules, and had the thieves succeeded, to "That d——d showman" would certainly have been attributed the guilt, and the chances are that the sheriff would have appeared next day and carefully inspected the company's stock. There is scarcely a manager in the country who would not be the first to assist in the arrest of a person guilty of theft if attached to his company, yet I have heard people say that managers screen the rascals—which is the veriest kind of nonsense. Gentlemen of the show profession, your vocation gains you your living, defend it then on *all* occasions, and continue to keep it as honest as any other. Let people know that you do not tolerate rascality in any form, and a good name, more to be desired than great riches, will be your proud reward.

"COALS OF FIRE."

A NEW COMEDY.

BY H. T. CRAVEN.

A comedy bearing the above title was produced at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 20th. Concerning it we excerpt the following from the *Sunday Times:*—"It is a thoroughly characteristic production, re-producing, with some skill, materials with which the author has made us pretty familiar. Numerically, its defects are in excess of its merits. The former, however, are such as are rendered conditional, and the latter are of a kind for which the public has an active sympathy. When the compression and alteration which seem requisite in all new pieces—except a few of Mr. Boucicault's, which fall into the opposite error—have been exercised, the play will prove lastingly attractive. Its principal merits consist of humor and pathos, both genuine in their sort; a certain originality of invention, and a pleasant, healthy tone, which pervades the entire production. Against these qualities have to be arrayed a constant and irresistible tendency to the farcical, a measure of extravagance, a weak plot, and a host of incongruities and inequalities. Perhaps the cardinal defect is that the piece is too large for the framework. Mr. Craven has always been luckiest in two-act dramas. The third act of the present play does nothing to carry out a story already finished, and exhibits in prolonged action what might have been narrated or left to the imagination of the spectator. With these faults on its head, 'Coals of Fire' is an attractive piece, and one likely to repay the audiences whom the reputation of the author's previous works or the popularity of the theatre will attract. The story like that of many recent pieces, is a domestic one, turns upon the doings of a fraudulent director. Mr. Jormel is chairman or director of various companies of a more or less fragile nature. He is a manifest impostor, boasting, with a curious mixture of frankness and sanctimony, of his own success in life, and disclosing very readily the baseness of his real nature. Off a stock like this no very rich fruit is likely to be gathered. His son, Wilfred, accordingly, is a mere nullity and hanger-on, not quite devoid, perhaps, of some instincts not wholly vile, but accustomed, upon the appearance of such, immediately to eradicate them, or bury them beneath a load of prudential maxims. Wilfred has been betrothed to Ella Roland, the daughter of a speculator, whose late ventures have been so unsuccessful that the ingenious youth goes not dream of fulfilling his contract. He transfers, on the contrary, his attention to Edith Ricketts, the daughter of Job Ricketts, a reduced market gardener. Ella has learned to know her quondam lover, and does not believe in the disinterestedness of the affection Wilfred manifests to a girl whose position is that of governess in his father's family. The advent of a certain Squire Parmesan explains matters, since from him Ella learns that her successful rival will, probably, inherit a large fortune from a relative, now on his deathbed. With a better feeling towards a successful rival than women are in the habit of cherishing, Ella determines to watch over the governess and save her, if possible, from the fate that will be hers if she marries her mercenary lover. Respectability in the eyes of Mr. Jormel is the most sacred of all things. While consenting, then, to his son's marriage with the girl who, unknown to herself, is heiress to so much wealth, he determines that her father, whose ignorance and penury render him a discredit, shall be got rid of. He tries, accordingly, to work upon the feelings of the father, and at length, by showing him that in so doing he is consulting his daughter's happiness, induces him to consent to take £50 and a free passage to Australia. The excitement consequent upon the parting from his daughter, and the champagne, with which Mr. Jormel has plied him, make the old man drunk, and in this condition he is robbed by one Festril, an ex convict, who uses the pass to Australia on behalf of one of his own companions, of whom, for prudential reasons, he is anxious to get rid. When Ricketts comes to himself he is determined not to shame his daughter, and slips away to hide his head in solitude. This long and complicated business takes up the first act. The second passes in a family hotel in Southampton. Here all the personages meet. Festril is waiter, Job Ricketts is earning as a week in doing 'odd jobs,' Jormel is levanting, and Wilfred is watching to see what may turn up. What first turns up is intelligence that Edith's relation has died and left her nothing, and that Ella has come into a 'thumping' legacy. Mr. Wilfred, of course, changes his plans, and tries to get on again with the old love. His assurance that he has never loved any other woman but her is overheard by Edith, who is, of course, very much shocked. After delivering him a harangue, rather long under the circumstances, and not very appropriate, she goes off in a faint. While coming round she hears that the ship in which her father is supposed to have sailed is lost, and the passengers are all drowned. Now comes her ill again. While it is on her father enters, is recognized by her, and clasped in her arms. Many explanations follow. The property is not left to Edith, but to her father, and Mr. Wilfred sees he has been too eager in letting go the substance to grasp at the shadow. Mr. Jormel's portmanteau has been opened and some valuable jewels have been stolen. The guilt of this robbery seems to fall upon the old man. But Mr. Stinger, a detective, is at hand, and fastens at once upon Festril as the thief. Upon him it, of course, found the stolen property, a fact for which the audience, which has seen the robbery committed, is prepared. Mr. Jormel, having recovered his property, declines to prosecute, and is about to take his departure when the detective arrests him on a charge of embezzlement. After a rapid act of disowning his father has been accomplished by the amiable Wilfred, the curtain drops on a tableau indicative of astonishment. Here, properly speaking, the action ends. A third act ties in a knot threads already gathered together. It passes in the house formerly belonging to Mr. Jormel, now the property of Job Ricketts. Job, though an honest man himself, has a strange leaning to dishonesty in others. This has induced him to bring into his service Festril, of whose villany he has had previous experience, and who, though, according to his own avowal, reformed, keeps a skeleton key and jimmy, ready for emergencies; to retain Robins, a servant, whom he knows to have robbed him, and to purchase a partnership in a city firm for the precious Mr. Wilfred. He endeavors to arrange a marriage between his daughter and Mr. Parmesan, but in this scheme he is defeated by the recalcitrancy of the young lady. Meantime a curious complication arises, which is solved among the remainder of the inmates of Oakleigh Lodge. Wilfred thinks Ella is betrothed to him. Parmesan is sure she is in love with him. The explanation comes at last. Ella has shammed an interest in Wilfred she does not feel in order to reveal to Edith his full baseness. Finding that her fears for the heart of Edith are unnecessary, she tells Wilfred, who has not at all objected to be trotted out and exhibited, that she loathes and despises him, and bestows her hand on Parmesan. For Edith, a lover is provided, but he remains in the background. Edith Roland is the life of the play."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES AS AN ALLEY GATER.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Suppose, Mr. Bones, you were to give us something in the domes'ic line this evening—reminiscences of your early courtship, for instance.

BONES.—Something in de broomstick line, I s'pose you mean. I never had but one regular courtship, and dat was de upset of it. But we was werry fond of each oder while it lasted.

INT.—You were?

BONES.—O, yes; used to stand out by de gate of de alley, sparkin' nights, and it didn't make a bit o' difference wedder it rained or snowed. In fact, we were a regular pair o' gaters.

INT.—Alley-gaters, Mr. Bones?

BONES.—It wasn't no laughin' matter, I can tell you. Noting particular romantic about it; no moonlight serenades in de garden, and all dat sort o' ting. You see, I use to sell oysters for a Bibin', and she was so fond of dem dat she was always on de eat. To be sure, she didn't pay, but I was so happy I didn't look for dat; as de poet says, I "drawed rich *drafts* of love from dose dear lips," and I was happy as a kite's tail in a high wind.

INT.—But those drafts, I suppose, did not pay for your oysters.

BONES.—No; but, you see, she kept a bar, and I managed to make it up in drinks. Couldn't say much for de strength of de liquors, dough.

INT.—Those, I suppose, were like much of the stock that is every day put upon the market in Wall street.

BONES.—How's dat?

INT.—They were well *watered.*

BONES.—Dat's so, bossy.

INT.—And you, I suppose, were in the condition of a broker who finds he can't control the money market—you felt as though it was *hard to bear.*

BONES.—You talk as if you'd been dere yourself. Well, one day when I was dead broke I raised some money—

INT.—You *raised* a check, probably.

BONES.—Anyhow, I raised it, and den I borrowed a oyster boat widout sayin' nothin' to nobody—

INT.—One moment, Mr. Bones. What you last said suggests a question. Why were you, on the day after, like the North river steamboats?

BONES.—Can't tell. Why don't you ax de other fellers?

INT.—I'll enlighten you. It's because you were hauled up *for the season* (season.)

BONES.—And we did have a time, I tell you; went fishing, too, and I caught all de fish.

INT.—Possum?

BONES.—Yes; she tole me I might take a kiss for ebery fish I caught, and I brought up two at a time.

INT.—Well, you know you were charged with *stealing a fishing smack.*

BONES.—You'll get another sort o' smack if you don't stop dat. Den she put her arms around my neck like two great anacondas, and I pressed her to be mine, and she squeezed me until I was black in de face.

INT.—Must have been a strong embrace, that, what a man in pecuniary difficulty would call a *tight squeeze.* You've been black ever since.

BONES.—Regular garrote; she gave me de slip, and when I examine my pockets I found—

INT.—That there was'nt anything in them, I suppose.

TAMBO.—Dis de gal git de money!

BONES.—Yes, dat's very true; I had bout me.

TAMBO.—Did you see de sheriff about it?

BONES.—What do I know bout de sheriff? Ebbery time I say summin' you ax me if de sheriff knows about it. Now, I want yer to stop dat, or I'll—

TAMBO.—Hab you got your ball ready? I don't low no man to bully me wid impunity.

BONES.—Who bullied you wid impunity? I don't use no weppins. I don't. I'll get nuffin to do wid any sheriff I tole you.

INT.—There, there, that'll do. What'll the audience think of you? The man with the Alexis necktie will now sing about

MY DARLING'S ASLEEP.

Under the daisies my darling's asleep,
The flowers still bloom on her grave,
Like the bleak winds of winter my virtis I keep
In the valley where sycamores wave.
Deep in the dell, where pure streamlets flow,
Soft clouds and bright skies whirl in mazes;
Sad is the heart when memories grow,
For my darling's asleep 'neath the daisies.
Chorus.—Under the daisies, etc.

In visions of night, when slumber is broke,
And the stars in our casement still shine,
We range the old haunts—that my darling has spoke,
But the vision alone must be mine.
Yes, the roses and lilies in spring time will bloom,
The larchens their faithful watch keep,
The birds and the violets will sing o'er the tomb
Where my darling will evermore sleep.
Chorus —Under the daisies, etc.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

THE OLD BROADWAY THEATRE.

EQUESTRIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The old Broadway Theatre, on the east side of Broadway, near Anthony street, has for a number of years been numbered among the theatres of the past. During its death throes a little of everything was tried to give it fresh vitality, but all in vain. It was *too far down town,* and nothing would keep the old place alive, its former patrons having migrated above Bleecker street. The present season, below chronicles the American *debut* of Mr. James Melville, the great bare back rider, who still holds a high place in the list of famous equestrians.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

E. A. MARSHALL.....Sole Lessee
Also of the Walnut and Norcet Theatre and the New Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

Equestrian Director.....J. M. NIXON
Director of the Arena.....R. R. WHITE

Doors open at 6½ o'clock. To commence at 7½ o'clock.

NOTICE.—The front of the house is nightly brilliantly lighted by Prof. Grant's Calcium Light, similar to the light used upon the new American steamer Adriatic.

VAN AMBURGH'S GRAND EQUESTRIAN AND ZOOLOGICAL COMPANY.

Debut of a New and Brilliant Star,
The celebrated Californian and Australian Equestrian,

MR. JAMES MELVILLE,

will have the honor to make his first public appearance, having been engaged at great expense for a limited period.

At a private trial he was pronounced by the unanimous verdict of the Equestrian Profession and the leading journals, as the GREATEST RIDER IN THE WORLD.

He will appear this evening and at every performance afterwards during the week, in his Act of LA BELLE ALLIANCE, and the celebrated Australian thorough-bred horse, in the grand original and daring feats of Horsemanship, without saddle or bridle, known as the MELVILLE ACT.

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 1st, 1858.

PROGRAMME.

1. Spanish Cavalcade.....12 Ladies and Gentlemen
2. Miss Ida, the Infant Amazon.....in a.....Grand and Striking Act
3. La Perche.....Messrs. Nicolo and Renz
4. Splendid Original Four Horse Act.....Mr. E. W. Perry
5. Spanish Trances.....Master Thomas and George Nicolo
6. Great Act, without Saddle or Bridle.....Eaton Stone

Intermission of Five Minutes.

7. Grand Performance on the Corde Tendue.....R. Hemmings
8. Single Principal Act.....Mons. Denny, Jr.
9. Trapeze.....Master Thomas and George Nicolo
10. STAR ACT (without saddle or bridle), by the great Australian and Californian Equestrian.....Mr. JAMES MELVILLE

Intermission of Ten Minutes.

11. Carnot Leaps.....Company
12. Trick Pony, Young American, introduced by.....Den Stone
13. Posturing and Groupings.....Nicolo Family
14. Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Tartary.....Mons. Denny, Mr. Hemmings; Mme. Denny, Mr. F. Renz; Joe, Mr. Sherwood.
15. Performance of the Wonderful Sagacious Elephant, Tippo Saib.....directed by S. Cravens

Intermission of Ten Minutes, during which

VAN AMBURGH'S GRAND MENAGERIE

will be prepared. Here will be presented the astonishing performance of Van Amburgh's celebrated animals, to the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. Under Mr. Van Amburgh's tuition they have received that pitch of intelligence which is but one degree removed from reason.

The animals will appear as those with which Mr. Van Amburgh performed before the Queen of England, at Windsor Castle.

PERFORMED BY PROF. LANGWORTHY.

NOTICE.—CINDERELLA will be performed only on every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

Doors open at half-past one; performances commence at two o'clock.

On Wednesday Afternoon Grand Monster Entertainment, including Cinderella, Mr. James Melville and Sam Lathrop's Whitehall.

All communications for engagements must be addressed to D. Stone.

PRICES O

filled the double office of stakeholder and referee. The official time was 32 sec.

ANOTHER SCOTCHMAN GONE.—John Garratt, for many years proprietor of the old Copenhagen Grounds, died at London, Eng., on Nov. 21st. Deceased in his day was most popular among all classes of sportsmen, and a backer of first-class men in every description of sport, amongst whom may be named the late Tom Sayers, and most of the leading pedestrians of his day. It was at the old Copenhagen Grounds, under his management, that some of the brightest stars made their debut, and the most brilliant feats of pedestrianism were enacted.

HEM. WHARTON defeated H. A. Grant in a 100 yards race, said to be for $1,000 a side, at Parker's Landing, Pa., Dec. 1st. Grant, who injured one of his knee joints by a fall sometime previous, fell off after going fifty yards, but though laboring under much pain, struggled on after Wharton, coming in only 15 feet behind. We understand they are rematched to run the same distance on March 1st.

JOHN W. GOSAR, who has been sojourning in the oil regions for some time, is now stopping at Titusville, Pa.

THE TURF.

THE METAIRIE JOCKEY CLUB FALL MEETING, NEW ORLEANS.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5TH.

BLIND TOM WINS THE HURDLE RACE, SENTINEL THE METAIRIE STAKE AND ARIZONA THE MILE HEAT RACE.

The fall meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club, New Orleans, commenced on Tuesday, the 5th inst., the rain, and consequently heavy track rendering a postponement from the previous Saturday necessary. As it was, the course was heavy, being fetlock deep in mud, and all expectations of seeing fast time made were disappointed. A brilliant meeting was anticipated, for there were no less than four northern stables on hand, besides several new ones from the western states. A rumor prevailed that Mr. Sanford's New York stable was amiss, but it will be seen from the report of the second day's racing that this was unfounded, for with Monarchist, Madam Dudley and Salina he won the three events of the day. The attendance on the opening day was small, the cold northwest wind preventing the ladies from turning out as numerously as usual.

THE HURDLE RACE, for a purse of $500, two miles over eight hurdles, had four contestants, viz.:—W. Jennings' b h Blind Tom, 5 yrs, by Star Davis, dam by Margrave; Tim. Robbins' blk h Virgil, aged, by Vandal, dam by Hymenia; Geo. Rice's ch c Von Moltke, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Blonde, and E. Harrison's ch g Temple, 5 yrs, by Bulletin, dam by Ambassador. The betting was in favor of Von Moltke, who was backed against the field. Virgil, once so famous in the North as a flat racer, when owned by Mr. Sanford, cut out the work, and led several lengths as the horses passed the stand on the first mile; Temple being second and Blind Tom third; the favorite already hopelessly beaten. At the fifth hurdle, Virgil bolted, but his rider got him straight again, although not until after Temple had assumed a strong lead. The latter led over the next two hurdles, but tired as he came into the home-stretch on the last quarter, and swerved across the track after jumping the last hurdle, Virgil taking the lead. Hughey Gaffney, the well known rider of Tammany and Vermont, in the North, now has Blind Tom with a rush, caught Virgil in the last stride, and made a dead heat on the post with him; Temple third and the favorite last. Time, 4:16.

In the deciding struggle, in which Virgil and Blind Tom had to run again, Gaffney on Blind Tom, cut out the work at a strong pace, was never caught, and won by 200 yards in 4:21¾. Summary:—

METAIRIE COURSE, New Orleans, La., Dec. 5th, 1871.—FIRST RACE.—First day of the annual Fall Meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club, Metairie Course, New Orleans, La. Purse $500, for all ages; hurdle race, a dash of two miles over eight hurdles.

W. Jennings entered b h Blind Tom, 5 yrs old, by Star Davis, dam by Margrave 0 1
T. Robbins entered br h Virgil, aged, by Vandal, dam by Hymenia, by Yorkshire 0 2
G. H. Rice entered ch c Von Moltke, 4 yrs old, by War Dance, dam Blonde, by Glencoe ..... 3 -
E. Harrison entered ch g Temple, by Bulletin, dam by Ambassador ..... 4 -
Time, 4:16; 4:21¾.

THE METAIRIE STAKE for three year olds, $50 each, p. p., with $600 added, two miles, had three runners out of eleven entries. These were Sentinel, Salina and Right of Way. The two former brought even money in the pools, while Right of Way only brought $5 in a $100 pool. Sentinel made the running from start to finish, and although Salina made desperate efforts to collar him, he shook her off with ease and won cleverly in 3:58. The winner is by Jack Malone, out of Galena, by Childe Harold. He is a plain looking colt, but a good one to go, for out of eleven races this season he has only lost two, and those from being stale and out of condition. Summary:—

SALINA DAY.—SECOND RACE.—Metairie Stake for three year olds; $50 entrance, p. p.; $400 added; second horse to receive $100; third horse to save his stake; closed with eleven nominations.

F. A. Miller entered b c Sentinel, by Jack Malone, dam Galena, by Childe Harold 1
M. H. Sanford entered b f Salina, by Lexington, dam Lightsome, by imp. Glencoe 2
R. M. Montgomery entered b c Right of Way, by Foreigner, dam Mary Farris 3
Time, 3:58.

THE MILE HEAT RACE for the Club Purse of $400, all ages, had a good field of starters—six coming to the post. These were Arizona, Billy Williamson, Style, Bob Shelton, Niagara and John McDonald. Each of the horses was in demand and brought about the same price in the pools. The first heat was won by a head only by Style, after a splendid race with Billy Williamson, Niagara being third. Time, 1:56¾. In the second heat, Niagara, as in the previous one, made the running, but Arizona soon passed her and won the heat, with Bob Shelton close up, Niagara and John McDonald distanced. Time, 1:57. Billy Williamson and Bob Shelton being now ruled out for not winning a heat in two, the race was left to Arizona and Style, the former having the call at long odds. Arizona made the running from end to end, and won in a canter, in 1:58. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—THIRD RACE.—Purse, $400; for all ages, mile heats, best 2 in 3.

A. C. Franklin entered b f Arizona, 3 yrs. old, by Lexington, dam imo. Zone 3 1 1
R. M. Montgomery entered ch g Style, aged, by Wagner 1 4 2
W. Cotrill entered ch c Billy Williamson, 3 yrs. old, by Daniel Boone, dam Sigma ..... 2 3r o.
Owner entered ch g Bob Shelton, 4 yrs. old, by imp. Australian, dam Lavender ..... 5 2r o.
M. H. Sanford entered b m Niagara, 5 yrs. old, by Lexington, dam Bayleaf ..... 4 dis.
Owner entered b c John McDonald, 3 yrs. old, by Brown Dick, dam Lady Cliffe ..... 6 dis.
Time, 1:56½; 1:57; 1:58.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6TH.

MADAME DUDLEY WINS THE MILE AND QUARTER RACE, SALINA THE MILE AND HALF RACE AND MONARCHIST THE POST STAKES.

There was an improved attendance and better track, but still the latter was not in order for making fast time. The first race was the

DASH OF A MILE AND A QUARTER, for all ages, for the Club Purse of $300. Seven horses entered and ran for this, viz.:—Madame Dudley, Glenrose Temple (who had run in the hurdle race), Frank Hampton, Von Moltke, Lord Byron and Geo. Rice's b f Lexington, dam Banner, 3 yrs. Glenrose had the call over any other horse. Madame Dudley made the running throughout, was never caught, and won by half a dozen lengths, Glenrose second and Rice's filly third. Lord Byron ran away before the start, and went twice around the course before the boy could pull him up. Of course this destroyed his chance of winning. Time of the race, 2:24¾.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6th, 1871.—FIRST RACE.—Dash of one mile and a quarter, for all ages; club purse $300.

M. H. Sanford entered b f Madame Dudley, by Lexington, dam imp. Britannia 1
A. C. Franklin entered ch f Glenrose, by Lexington, dam Sallie Lewis, 4 yrs old 2
G. H. Rice entered b f by Lexington, dam Banner, 3 yrs old 3
Bacon & Holland entered b c Frank Hampton, by Aygarth, dam by Charley Ball, 4 yrs old 4
G. H. Rice entered ch c Von Moltke, by War Dance, dam Blonde, 4 yrs old 5
H. Gaffney entered b c Lord Byron, by Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington, 3 yrs old 6
E. Harrison entered ch g Temple, by Bulletin, dam by Ambassador, 5 yrs old 7
Time, 2:24¾.

THE SECOND RACE was a dash of one mile and a half, for all ages, for the club purse of $400. Four nags viz.:—Salina, Nannie Douglas, Morgan Scout and Tom Corbett. Nannie Douglas and Salina were alternately the favorites in the pools. Tom Corbett cut out the running for the first half mile, when Salina deprived him of the lead, and held it until going down the back-stretch. Here Morgan Scout came with a rush and challenged her, but she shook him off at the half mile pole and galloped home an easy winner by six lengths, Nannie Douglas beating Morgan Scout a neck for second place. Time, 2:42. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—SECOND RACE.—Metairie Stake for three year olds; $50 entrance, p. p.; $400 added; second horse to receive $100; third horse to save his stake; closed with eleven nominations.

F. A. Miller entered b c Sentinel, by Jack Malone, dam Galena, by Childe Harold 1
M. H. Sanford entered b f Salina, by Lexington, dam Lightsome, by imp. Glencoe 2
R. M. Montgomery entered b c Right of Way, by Foreigner, dam Mary Farris 3
Time, 3:58.

THE MILE HEAT RACE for the Club Purse of $400, all ages, had a good field of starters—six coming to the post. These were Arizona, Billy Williamson, Style, Bob Shelton, Niagara and John McDonald. Each of the horses was in demand and brought about the same price in the pools. The first heat was won by a head only by Style, after a splendid race with Billy Williamson, Niagara being third. Time, 1:56¾. In the second heat, Niagara, as in the previous one, made the running, but Arizona soon passed her and won the heat, with Bob Shelton close up, Niagara and John McDonald distanced. Time, 1:57. Billy Williamson and Bob Shelton being now ruled out for not winning a heat in two, the race was left to Arizona and Style, the former having the call at long odds. Arizona made the running from end to end, and won in a canter, in 1:58. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—THIRD RACE.—Purse, $400; for all ages, mile heats, best 2 in 3.

A. C. Franklin entered b f Arizona, 3 yrs. old, by Lexington, dam imo. Zone 3 1 1
R. M. Montgomery entered ch g Style, aged, by Wagner 1 4 2
W. Cotrill entered ch c Billy Williamson, 3 yrs. old, by Daniel Boone, dam Sigma ..... 2 3r o.
Owner entered ch g Bob Shelton, 4 yrs. old, by imp. Australian, dam Lavender ..... 5 2r o.
M. H. Sanford entered b m Niagara, 5 yrs. old, by Lexington, dam Bayleaf ..... 4 dis.
Owner entered b c John McDonald, 3 yrs. old, by Brown Dick, dam Lady Cliffe ..... 6 dis.
Time, 1:56½; 1:57; 1:58.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6TH.

MADAME DUDLEY WINS THE MILE AND QUARTER RACE, SALINA THE MILE AND HALF RACE AND MONARCHIST THE POST STAKES.

There was an improved attendance and better track, but still the latter was not in order for making fast time. The first race was the

DASH OF A MILE AND A QUARTER, for all ages, for the Club Purse of $300. Seven horses entered and ran for this, viz.:—Madame Dudley, Glenrose Temple (who had run in the hurdle race), Frank Hampton, Von Moltke, Lord Byron and Geo. Rice's b f Lexington, dam Banner, 3 yrs. Glenrose had the call over any other horse. Madame Dudley made the running throughout, was never caught, and won by half a dozen lengths, Glenrose second and Rice's filly third. Lord Byron ran away before the start, and went twice around the course before the boy could pull him up. Of course this destroyed his chance of winning. Time of the race, 2:24¾.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6th, 1871.—FIRST RACE.—Dash of one mile and a quarter, for all ages; club purse $300.

M. H. Sanford entered b f Madame Dudley, by Lexington, dam imp. Britannia 4th, 3 yrs old 1
A. C. Franklin entered ch f Glenrose, by Lexington, dam Sallie Lewis, 4 yrs old 2
G. H. Rice entered b f by Lexington, dam Banner, 3 yrs old 3
Bacon & Holland entered b c Frank Hampton, by Aygarth, dam by Charley Ball, 4 yrs old 4
G. H. Rice entered ch c Von Moltke, by War Dance, dam Blonde, 4 yrs old 5
H. Gaffney entered b c Lord Byron, by Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington, 3 yrs old 6
E. Harrison entered ch g Temple, by Bulletin, dam by Ambassador, 5 yrs old 7
Time, 2:24¾.

THE SECOND RACE was a dash of one mile and a half, for all ages, for the club purse of $400. Four nags viz.:—Salina, Nannie Douglas, Morgan Scout and Tom Corbett. Nannie Douglas and Salina were alternately the favorites in the pools. Tom Corbett cut out the running for the first half mile, when Salina deprived him of the lead, and held it until going down the back-stretch. Here Morgan Scout came with a rush and challenged her, but she shook him off at the half mile pole and galloped home an easy winner by six lengths, Nannie Douglas beating Morgan Scout a neck for second place. Time, 2:42. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—SECOND RACE.—Club Purse, $400; dash of one mile and a half, for all ages.

T. H. Sanford entered b f Salina, by Lexington, dam Lightsome, 5 yrs old 1
Holland & Dennison entered b m Nannie Douglas, by Rogers, dam Wagner, 5 yrs old 2
T. Robbins' entered b f Morgan Scout, by John Morgan, dam Lizzie Morgan, 5 yrs old 3
E. Harrison entered gr c Tom Corbett, by Lightning, dam by imp. Knight of St. George, 4 yrs old 4
Time, 2:52

THE POST STAKE, two mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f., with $800 added, of which the second horse received $200, had five nominations and five starters. These were Capt. Moore's ch c Foster, 4 yrs; M. H. Sanford's b c Monarchist, 3 yrs; J. A. Miller's b c Sentinel, 3 yrs, and W. Cottrill's gr c Fireball, 4 yrs. Foster and Sentinel sold in pools for even money; Monarchist selling low in consequence of the rumor that he was "off." Monarchist in the first heat, made the running with Sentinel and Foster alternately second, for the first mile, ran in 1:56½. Sentinel then ran up and challenged Mr. Sanford's colt, and a grand struggle ensued. Still Monarchist retained his position in front until entering the home-stretch, when the rider of Sentinel, seeing he could not win the heat, pulled him up and dropped inside the distance. Monarchist won the heat by six lengths, Foster second and Fireball third. Time, 3:52¾. In the second heat Monarchist forced the running from start to finish, closely pressed by Sentinel for a mile and a half, when the latter abandoned the hopeless struggle, and Foster joined issue with Mr. Sanford's colt. Like Sentinel he too was unsuccessful, and Monarchist won the heat and race in 3:58¾. Foster second and Fireball distanced. The fleet victory of Mr. Sanford's stable on this day gave great satisfaction, for his spirit in sending down his stable from the North, in order to give encouragement to the newly organized Metairie Club at New Orleans, has gained him great popularity in the Crescent City. His horses are in charge of Charles Littlefield. The running of Monarchist, in beating such horses as Sentinel and Foster so easily, speaks volumes for the racing merits of Col. McDaniel's wonderful colt Harry Bassett, who has on three different occasions fairly run away from Monarchist at all distances. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—THIRD RACE.—Post Stake for all ages; two mile heats; $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; $800 added; second horse to receive $200, third horse to save his stake.

M. H. Sanford entered b c Monarchist, 3 years old, by Lexington, dam Mildred 1 1
T. G. Moore entered ch c Foster, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Poesie, by Imp. Yorkshire 2 3
J. A. Miller entered b c Sentinel, 3 years old, by Jack Malone, dam Galena 4 2
W. Cottrill entered gr c Fireball, 4 years old, by Lightning, dam Dixie ..... dis
Time, 3:52¾; 3:58¾.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, DEC. 7TH.

BELLE BUCKLE WINS THE LIGHTNING STAKES AND ARIZONA THE MILE HEAT RACE.

Beautiful weather favored the third day of the meeting, and the course was in greatly improved condition. There were two races on the card. The first was the

LIGHTNING STAKES, for two year olds, a dash of one mile, for which five out of the sixteen entries came to the post. These were:—H. B. Foley's ch f Belle Buckle, T. G. Moore's gr c London, W. Cottrill's b c Young Harry, J. H. Stone's b f I. O. U., and G. W. Delahunt's ch f Georgina Wood. London, on the strength of his running at Louisville and Nashville, was a hot favorite over the field, $100 to $40 being freely offered on his winning the race. I. O. U. took the lead, Belle Buckle and Georgina Wood next, the favorite fourth and Young Harry last. At the quarter pole I. O. U. led ten lengths Belle Buckle second and Young Harry third, with the favorite still fourth. They ran thus to the lower turn, when Belle Buckle challenged I. O. U., had her beaten in a few strides, and coming away, won by ten lengths; Young Harry second and London third. Time, 1:53¾. It was a curious coincidence that this stake, named after the famous racer and stallion Lightning, should have been won in its first year by Mr. H. B. Foley, who owned that horse when he was on the turf. Summary:—

THIRD DAY, Wednesday, Dec. 7th.—FIRST RACE.—The Lightning Stakes, for two year olds; $30 entrance, p. p., to carry three pounds each; the first to save his stake. Closed with sixteen nominations. Dash of a mile.

H. B. Foley entered ch f, by Brown Dick, dam by Bulletin 1
W. Cottrill entered b g Young Harry, by Harry of the West, dam by imp. Glencoe 2
T. G. Moore entered gr c London, by Lightning, dam sister to Jerome Edgar 3
G. W. Dillehay entered ch f Georgina Wood, by Joe Holmes, dam Lantana 4
J. H. Stone entered b c I O U, by Harry of the West, dam Indora Bell 5
Time, 1:53¾.

The second race was for the club purse of $300, all ages, mile heats, three in five. The runners were Arizona, Donovan and Annie B. The betting was $100 to $20 on Arizona, who won the first, second and fourth heats; Annie B. taking the third heat. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—SECOND RACE.—Club Purse, $300, for all ages; mile heats, three in five.

A. C. Franklin entered b f Arizona, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam imp. Zone 1 1 1 1
G. Rice entered b f Annie B. 3 3 2 3
J. Conlick entered ch g Donovan, 5 yrs old, by Bulletin, dam unknown ..... 2 2 dis.
Time, 1:56¾; 1:53¾; 1:52; 1:53¾.

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 8TH.

BLIND TOM WINS THE STEEPLE CHASE—BILLY WILLIAMSON THE MILE HEAT RACE—AND SALINA THE THREE MILE DASH.

The weather was very pleasant on the fourth day of the meeting, the track in gradually improved order, and the attendance larger than on any previous day. The first race was

A STEEPLE-CHASE, the first that had ever been given in New Orleans. It was for a purse of $600, and the following six horses started:—Blind Tom (who had won the hurdle race on the first day and was handicapped at 130 lbs.), Virgil, 130 lbs.; Von Moltke, 115 lbs.; Temple, 120 lbs.; Tom Corbett, 111 lbs.; and Chalmette, 125 lbs. Blind Tom was made the favorite, and Virgil second choice. Tom took the lead, with Virgil next, Von Moltke, Temple, Tom Corbett and Chalmette following in the order just named. Chalmette bolted at the first jump, and at the next Temple fell and threw his rider a burster, but he quickly re-mounted and followed in pursuit. Virgil went to the front at the third leap with Von Moltke next and the favorite third. Coming to the seventh jump both Von Moltke and Virgil bolted, leaving Blind Tom to continue the race alone and win by nearly a mile. The rider of Temple was thrown a second time, and so badly injured that he was carried away insensible. Tom Corbett also came down heavily at one of the jumps, and his owner, E. Harrison, who was riding him, was severely hurt, his skull being fractured. Virgil ran the course about a mile behind Blind Tom, and took second money, none of the other horses going over the course. The winner was ridden by that daring steeplechase jockey, Hugh Gaffney. Time, 5:48.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 8th.—FIRST RACE.—Grand Steeple-chase Handicap; over about two miles and a half of a fair hunting course; three or more to enter; for a purse of $600.

W. Jennings entered b h Blind Tom, 5 yrs old, by Star Davis, dam by Margrave; 130 lbs 1
T. Robbins entered br h Virgil, aged, by Vandal, dam Hymenia, by Yorkshire; 130 lbs 2
G. H. Rice entered ch c Von Moltke, 4 yrs old, by War Dance, dam Blonde, by Glencoe, 115 lbs 0
E. Harrison entered ch g Temple, by Bulletin, dam by Ambassador; 120 lbs 6
E. Harrison entered gr c Tom Corbett, 4 yrs old, by Lightning, dam by imp. Knight of St. George; 111 lbs 0
Owner entered br h Chalmette, 5 yrs old, by Daniel Boone, dam by Brown Dick; 125 lbs 0
Time, 5:48.

THE SECOND RACE was for the club purse of $400, for three year olds, mile heats, best two in three. The runners were Madam Dudley and Billy Williamson. The betting was $100 to $50 on Madam Dudley, who had won the mile and quarter dash with great ease on the second day. The horses got off well together in the first heat, Billy Williamson showing two lengths ahead at the quarter pole. On the back stretch Madam Dudley went up and collared Billy, but getting into the heavy ground she fell back a length, waited until fairly into the home stretch, when she came with a wet sail, passed him, and head him to the score by two lengths in 1:52¾. The odds now rose to $100 to $30 on Madam Dudley winning, but to the astonishment and disgust of the layers of these odds, she showed temper at the post, sulked, and refused to start when the flag fell. Billy Williamson went on and won in a canter in 2:05, Madam Dudley being distanced.

SAME DAY.—SECOND RACE.—Club Purse, $400, for three year olds, mile heats, two in three.

W. Cottrill entered ch c Billy Williamson, by Daniel Boone, dam Sigma 2 1
M. H. Sanford entered b f Madam Dudley, by Lexington, dam imp. Britannia ..... 1 dis
Time, 1:52¾; 2:05.

THE THREE MILE DASH for the club purse of $500, for all ages, followed. Salina, 3 yrs; Bob Shelton, 4 yrs; Nannie Douglas, 5 yrs, Fireball, 4 yrs, and Richards, 4 yrs, were the five runners. Mr. Sanford's filly, Salina, had the call, Nannie Douglas being second choice. Bob Shelton and Nannie Douglas made the running for nearly a mile, when Salina, who had been in the rear, could no longer be restrained, but rushed past her horses to the front, and led two lengths under the string on the first mile, in 1:57¼. The race was not virtually over, for Salina fairly ran away from her field, and won the heat under a pull by twenty lengths, in 5:48¾; Bob Shelton second, Nannie Douglas third, and Fireball fourth. This race effectually disproved the received idea that Salina could not stay over a distance. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Third Race—Club Purse, $500, for all ages—dash of three miles:—

M. H. Sanford entered b f Salina, three yrs old, by Lexington, dam Lightsome 1
Owner entered ch g Bob Shelton, four yrs old, by imp Australian, dam Lavender 2
Owner entered b m Nannie Douglas, five years old, by Rogers, dam by Wagner 3
W. Cottrill entered gr c Fireball, four yrs old, by Lightning, dam Dixie 4
John Clark entered b g Richards, four yrs old, by Uiversion, dam by imp Sovereign 0
Time, 5:48¾.

The proceedings on the fifth and last day of the meeting will be found in another part of this issue of the CLIPPER.

A TWENTY MILE TROT.—The telegraph informs us that on Friday, the 8th inst., Col. Dickey's California mustang mare Kate trotted 20 miles, over a very heavy track, in 50 minutes and 30 seconds, in San Francisco. Her owner then offered to wager $1,000 that she could trot another mile immediately, inside of 2:55, but there were no takers.

BILLIARDS.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

WILLIAM COOK DEFEATS JOSEPH BENNETT—THE LATTER MAKES A "BIG RUN."

It is admitted that but three English players possess the requisite skill to justify their seeking to gain possession of the billiard championship trophy. These three are William Cook, Jr., John Roberts, Jr., and Joseph Bennett. The series of championship contests was instituted early in January of last year. Each of the three players named has in turn gained possession of the emblem, and yet neither has been able, while endeavoring to defend it, to defeat two antagonists hand-running. Guessing the result of a billiard match in England would seem to be out of the question; and in commenting upon the lively changes rung upon the British billiard championship the *Sporting Life* remarks significantly:—"It appears to us that this uncertainty, although it keeps up a constant succession of brilliant encounters betwe n artists of the very highest standing in their profession, is, to say the least of it, very unsatisfactory, and that some other test of positive superiority on the part of one of the three should be resorted to."

The latest encounter took place at St. James Hall, London, on the 21st ult., in presence of a company distinguished less for its numbers than its selectness—a condition of things not so very surprising, considering the ordinary tickets were put at $2.50 and choice seats at $5.25. There was no excitement, the public appearing to take but little interest in the affair. The "high contracting parties" were Cook and Bennett, the former of whom had won the championship from young Roberts on the 25th of last May.

THE GAME.

At eight minutes to eight the men strung for the lead, which was won by Cook. After a couple of misses by either man, Cook led off with a run of 32, finally breaking down at a rather difficult white losing hazard. Great caution was exhibited by either player. Bennett was 14 to 35, when he got a good opportunity, and, by some capital play, passed his antagonist, not leaving off until he had raised his total to 48. Cook, after a little break of 9, went on with 27 and 19 until he attained to 90 against 50. Bennett's progress, meanwhile, having been slow. At 96 to 50, Cook made 5 and reached 100, his score being now exactly double that of his antagonist. Bennett, from 50—Cook's figures being then 132—went on, by a dashing break of 40, to 90, shortly afterwards completing his first hundred. After the match had lasted one hour, so careful had been the play, that Cook was only 262 against Bennett's 154. Exactly 100 points separated the contestants when Bennett added a capital run of 20, amid applause. Favored in a slight degree by fortune, Cook followed with 23. Just at nine o'clock the champion entered his fourth hundred, Bennett's score standing at 182. The latter now again rallied, and a break of 31 aroused his supporters into enthusiasm and made his total 213 against 313. When Cook was 317 against 236 he made a foul stroke in playing for a carom. With the greatest courtesy on either side, the error was at once claimed and acknowledged. It is a pleasure to note the good-natured way in which this was done, in days when bickering is so common in all important events. From 240 to 340—a fill an interval of 100 between the respective scores—a well-judged and well-played break of 29 brought Bennett closer to Cook. The latter now seemed altogether out of form, and Bennett began to come up hand over hand, reaching 399, when Cook was at 342. After this came another lull in the proceedings, and only minor scores. At ten minutes to ten Cook completed his fourth hundred, with Bennett but 27 points in his rear—a contrast to the state of the score when he had scored 300 against 182. Five minutes subsequently Bennett also passed 400, and finished only 1 points behind Cook. The latter quickly put on 20, but Bennett added 35, again getting in front, after having not long before seemed hopelessly beaten. Another break of 40 placed Bennett well to the fore, and made him 477 to 434. When the usual interval was allowed, Bennett, who had just made a break of 27, was 510 against 457. When Cook was 577 against 534, he made the largest (hitherto) run in the match, 44, by some dashing play. At eleven o'clock a carom and lucky red winning hazard placed the champion level with his antagonist, the marker calling "535 all," amid great applause. At 575, after Bennett had once more taken a slight lead, both players were again equa.. Thence going on with 28, Cook got in front for the third time. He did not stay there long, as Bennett, with 44, made his score 664 to 622, only once more to be dispossessed of his advantage directly afterwards by the champion with a run of like value. The marker called "717 all" and "727 all" four minutes afterwards. Cook then took a long lead, and was 919 to 830, when Bennett got the balls well left, and by some brilliant play achieved the largest run ever yet made in a championship match (93)—thus heading Cook by 13 points. The appliance at its finish was deafening. Cook responded with 40, and after two or three more interchanges, ran out with an incomplete break of 37, thus winning by 58 points at a quarter to one.

THE KING PIN-POOLIST.—The billiard-room at the corner of Broadway and Barclay street has the King of pin-pool conducters, James Kernan, and the boss of tenpins, John Cleaveland, on its staff. The tables in this establishment, which belongs to the estate of the lamented Michael Phelan, are being taken out, and the popular "Bevels" substituted. The lease expires next May.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAMPIONSHIP.—As the time draws near for the contest between Edmund H. Nelms and E. J. Plunkett, their every day games are watched with interest. They are to play the three ball game, and Plunkett is the favorite.

"OVER IN NEW JERSEY."—The Trenton House, Trenton, has ordered six of H. W. Collender's tables for a new room, while J. A. Alyea, of Paterson, has ordered three of the beveled pattern for his old room.

THE BALLS WITH WHICH McDEVITT ("DAN") 1,485.—Playing Joseph Dion for $500 a side and the disputed championship, Joan McDevitt, at Library Hall, Chicago, Sept. 16th, 1868, made the stupendous run of 1,485. This run, made as it was in spite of the prohibition of the crotch or "jaw," has formed the basis of at least a hundred questions submitted to the CLIPPER by people who appear unwilling to credit that such figures were ever reached in a public match. It is nevertheless a fact that the run was made, and, what should be regarded as even more surprising, McDevitt, in making it, did not send a ball beyond the "string," inside of which he continued to carom and carom again for about an hour. When the run was started, Dion lacked 1,008 points of "game," and McDevitt, 1,488. The balls with which he achieved this wonderful feat were for a long time on exhibition in Chicago, and have since passed into the possession of a friend of the deceased, who offers to relinquish them for the benefit of McDevitt's widow. It is proposed that two hundred tickets be issued, at two dollars apiece, and that a drawing take place for possession of the balls. The city of Chicago agrees to dispose of one half these tickets if the East will take the other half. Then the reconstructed will have not contributed to the McDevitt fund may do as interest inconveniences themselves, and at the same time all will have a chance to win balls that no money could purchase. The proposition comes from Chicago, now unable to testify her regard for McDevitt in a more substantial manner.

CHICAGO MATTERS.—Proprietors of the few rooms remaining in the City of Ashes are coining money..... Henry Haines is with Simon Foran.....James Cusick is with Thomas Foley at the Barnes House.....Zeller, the manufacturer, has more than he can attend to.....Stephani & Morheimer have put up their sign at 232 State street.....Emanuel Brunswick has his hanging out on the same street..... Joseph Brunswick has smiled adieu to billiards since his mammoth room vanished into sparks, and gone into the gentlemens' furnishing business.....Dan Miller, the ex-Canadian, is in charge of a room on Twenty-second street.....Frank Parker, ex-champion of the United States, is overseer of a pool table on Madison street.....Michael Honahan, the "Sha Him Up" of the memorable McDevitt-Foster contest, is with Moran & Gray.....Peter Snyder, soon tiring of Detroit, is back in Chicago, and working in a room on Madison street.....Chicago has, in fact, had all her players re urned to her, save John W. Coon, now in Denver; Coon's brother is here with Cyrille Dion, and Albert Garnier is also here when he has time to stop anywhere.

LADIES EN TOURNAMENT.—With doors locked, and saved from intrusion, Madame Garnier and Mrs. John McDevitt crossed cues the other day at the billiard-room of Mr. John J. Wiseman, formerly owned by John McDevitt, and now the headquarters of Garnier. The Madame who can run her 40's and 50's at the four ball game was the victor. With that good taste for which the fair sex are proverbial, the ladies singled out a beveled table for their contest.

CYRILLE DION IN BUSINESS.—The champion has purchased of Capt. James E. Boyle the billiard-room at 943 Broadway, and may be seen there daily, knocking the very life out of the ivories. He purposes replacing the four tables he has at present with SIX "Bevels."

CLOSED.—Capt. Boyle, who is not the first man who has failed to solve the problem of conducting a billiard-room without a bar attachment, has concluded to shut up shop in Thomas street, and the tables have been taken out.

BENNETT VS. F. DION.—The latter challenges Joseph Bennett, of Toronto, to come to Brooklyn, and play him 1,500 points for from $150 to $250, Dion allowing thirty dollars for expenses.

CARTER VS. FIELDS.—These men, the former of Toledo and the latter of Grand Rapids, played 1,500 up at Titusville on the 29th. Fields won by 380, averaging 36, 24, 41.

MILLER VS. J. DION.—These experts were to have played in New Orleans for a purse of $200, offered, it is said, by a gentleman of that place, Dion discounting Miller at the three-ball game.

IN TOWN.—Mattie Hewins, of Hartford, and James Hannah, of Northampton, Mass., were in town last week. The latter gentleman came after "Bevels," and got them.

IN UTICA.—There is to be an amateur tournament in Utica, N. Y., next month, for a prize cue.

AVERAGES OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB, OF WASHINGTON.

The Olympic Club played 69 games during the past season, of which they won 41, lost 26, and 2 were time games. Of three of these games no record was kept; in the remaining 66 games the Olympics scored 1,008 runs, to 643 by their opponents. The following is a record of match games for the championship:—

	Olympic.	Opp.
May 5, Olympic vs. Boston, at Washington	18	20
May 13, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Cleveld, at Cincinnati	13	8
May 15, Olympic vs. Kekiongas, at Fort Wayne	6	12
May 16, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	7	14
May 17, Olympic vs. *Forest City, of Rockford, at Rockford	9	0
May 19, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	7	9
May 20, Olympic vs. Forest City, at Cleveland	13	9
May 23, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	14	9
May 24, Olympic vs. Boston, at Boston	4	4
May 27, Olympic vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	6	5
June 2, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Washington	11	8
June 13, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Washington	13	5
June 17, Olympic vs. Athletic, at Washington	4	11
June 21, Olympic vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	2	10
June 22, Olympic vs. Resolute, at Hamburgh	10	14
June 26, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Cleveld, at Washington	16	8
June 30, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	15	8
July 4, Olympic vs. Boston, at Cincinnati	3	5
July 7, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Washington	23	12
July 8, Olympic vs. Kekionga, at Baltimore	15	7
July 10, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Washington	16	13
July 17, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9	14
July 27, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	5	10
July 28, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Brooklyn	6	12
Aug. 4, Olympic vs. Athletic, at Washington	5	12
Aug. 8, Olympic vs. Boston, at Washington	7	12
Aug. 16, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	11	12
Aug. 25, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Rockford, at Washington	5	2
Aug. 26, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Rockford, at Washington	18	7
Sept. 21, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	2	12
Sept. 27, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	7	16
Sept. 29, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	15	13
——, Olympic vs. Kekiongs,	9	0
Total's	316	290

*Forfeited to Olympics, Hastings playing with Forest City Exhibition game played same date resulted, Olympic, 12; Forest City, 18.

The following is the average of the nine in *all* games played against professional nines:—

Players.	*No of Games.*	*Times at Bat.*	*First Base.*	*Per cent. 1st base Hits.*	*Total Bases.*	*Per cent. T. B.*
Allison	56	178	68	379	79	449
Glenn	31	142	47	313	58	395
Waterman	43	224	68	303	83	370
Force	42	217	64	296	84	387
Leonard	40	201	58	288	74	370
Miller	43	275	65	280	82	364
Beals	30	83	23	277	78	337
Sweasy	11	47	13	277	14	302
Hall	43	198	52	263	73	364
Berthoud	18	82	20	244	23	280
Brainard	41	196	47	239	56	286
Burroughs	13	69	14	203	28	319

The Olympics propose to place a strong professional nine in the field next season. Several players are already under engagement, and the nine will be announced at an early date.

EXCELSIOR CLUB, OF BOSTON, JUNIOR.

AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON OF 1871.

During the year 1871 the Excelsiors played seventeen regular match games, of which they won eleven and lost six, scoring a total of 359 runs to their opponents' 258; average of 21

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

☞ WE HAVE NO TRAVELLING AGENTS, either general or otherwise, and any persons so representing themselves are acting fraudulently. All our regular correspondents are supplied with credentials, and we particularly request that no attention be paid to persons presenting their private cards with the words "Correspondent of the New York CLIPPER" attached, as they have no authority therefor.

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☞ A SCALPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistake.

LADIES' LIST.

Allyne, Mrs. E. J.
Anderson, Nellie
Armstrong, Mrs. Jane
Bangor, Jessie
Bell, Laura
Burton, Clara
Boyd, Nellie
Bunker, Belle
Bailey, Miss H. E.
Brennan, Mrs. E. A.
Barrett, Polly
Clare, Maggie
Cowell, Miss Sydney
Cowell, Florence
Ceraforth, Annie
Chapman, Ella
Clifton, Vida
Cummings, Lizzie Sc.
Collins, Annie
De Gelia, M'lle F.
Duncan, Emma
Dean, Susan
Davenport, Mrs. F.
De Yeo, Clara
De Yeo, Ida
Davenport, Nellie L.
Duane, Fanny
Emmerette, Miss
Emmett, Kate
Edwards, Nellie
Eastwood, Lillie
Eastman, Ada
Flint, Emma
Gray, Edwina
Geraldine, M'lle
Gray, Alice
Gardner, Lottie
Graham, Emma
Holt, Allie
Howell, Belle Ja.
Herbert, Emily
Howard, Nellie (2)
Harrison, Annie
Hergerseil, Elise 10c.
Howland, Lottie
Howard, Victoria
Hunt, Fanny
Kirsity Sisters,
Leopold, Mrs. G.
Laroy, Kitty
Lopez, Mad.
Lati, Zobeide
Moriz, Mrs. W. E.
Mazzeri, Louisa
Oates, Mrs. Jos. A.
Robinson, Julia
Rowell, Kitty
Raymond, Kate
Rosetta, M'lle
Renard, Belle
Rignolds, Jane (2)
Stephens, Lillie
Summerfield, Susie
Scott, Kitse
Sloan, Ada H.
Starr, Nellie
Taylor, Marian
Turnour, Millie
Troy, Cassie
Wilton, Lillie
Worrell, Sophie (2)
Wright, Mrs. Edw'd
Worrell Sisters.
Weatherby, Miss (2)
Whiting, Emma
Weston, Flora
Wells, Minnie
Weston, Mrs. J. W.
Woodfield, Mrs. W.

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Allyne, C. T. J. (3)
Aikins, Geo.
Allen, R.
Agent Hart, Ryman & Barney.
Antonio, C. W.
Aiello, A. W.
Author (2)
Boyle, Jr., A. Y. (2)
Brent, W. H. (4)
Bennett, Frank (3)
Bane, J. H.
Brown, Sol
Bouse, Capt. J. L.
Byers, Wm.
Bell, Frank
Bailey, Jos. F.
Burnell, J. P.
Barclay, Fred,
Bailey, H.
Blakeley, C. (2)
Baker & Givens,
Bowman, Johnny
Bruce, Edgar
Baker, Tip Higham
Burnett, J. P.
Campbell, Frank
Cordova, H.
Cowe, J. E.
Callis, Myron G.
Culby, F. B.
Cooper, J. R.
Caulfield, Jean (3) 5c.
Clinton, H.
Calder, Wm.
Dorsay, W. C.
Dibble (4) 2c.
Davis, H. Ross
Ducray, L.
Dailey, T. H. (2)
Dallas, Alex.
Dexter, John (2)
Dowland, H.
Davis, Lewis H.
Day, Daniel
Drew, Frank
Dewes, Sam
DeMar, W.
Dillon, F.
Dennison, F.
Dickinson, C.
Elmore, E.
Edwards, G. H.
Fitzgerald, P. A.
Foster, Johnny
Frost, Hyatt
Fowler, W. W. (3)
Fairbanks, Sig.
Fiske, H.
Fleming, Chas.
Fisher, Chas.
Farrell, B. B.
Franklin, Ky.
Gardner, C.
Gardner, F. A.
Gleeon, E. M.
Geanaise, Adolph
Gaston, Geo.
Gray, Walter
Gardiner, C.
Glynn, Joseph A.
Gratton, G. W.
Gothold, R. M. (2)
Gilbert, Geo.
Hinds, J. T.
Hunting, H. H.
Hapgood, Hy.
Hallett, Lew
Holmes, F.
Howes, Robert
Healy, Jr., J.
Hart, Billy
Honing, Benj. F. (2)
Howard, Jeff
Hicks, C. B. (2)
Hilton, W. (3)
Harvey, Tony
Hyatt, Frank
Hicht, H. A.
Huntley, J. H.
Holston, W.
Jones, Arnold
Jester, G. W.
Johnson & Powers,
Kelly, Dan
Kidder, E.
Keller, Hy. (3)
Kemble, Charles
Kesler, S. C.
Kelsh, F. M.
Keegan, Johnny
Keeli, Harry
Little, J. L.
Littlefield, Henri
Lang, Joe
Lawrence, N. S.
Lavaks, Wm.
Lott, T. C.
Leavitt, N. W.
Linden, Ernest
La Coni, Bill
Louden, J. J.
Macklyne, Jno.
Mortimer, Hy.
Morris, Jno.
Mailbon, Charley
Mack, Joe
Melville, Chas. (5)
Manager Appy Concert Co.
McGill & strong,
Manning, Wm.
Meldrum, R. S.
McIntyre, Tommy
Mestett, H.
Manchester, H. E.
McCarthy, Wm.
Melville, Sam'l
Marsden, Ed. (2)
Minnick, Jno. M. L.
Madigan, Jas. H.
Mitchell, Geo.
McDonald, Wm.
Murray, Jno.
McVeigh, Jno. (3) 10c.
Murray, Geo. W. (3)
Mack, F. F.
Manning, Billy
Moran, Master
Murray, Bob't
McCabe, Jo.
Manager Commonwealth Circus,
Male, Jo.
Morris, Chas. A.
MacEvoy, Chas.
North, E. 10c.
North, Levi J.
Older, F. A. (3)
Otto, Otto
O'Sharn, Frank
Prosbo, Thos.
Pitcher, Orville (3)3c.
Pratt, F. G. (3)
Piper, W. W.
Parselle, Jno. (2)
Pierce, Johnny
Peasley, John
Poole, Jno. F. 3c.
Pace, Frank A.
Richards, Wm.
Riggs, Harry G.
Reed, W. (3)
Russell, Geo. G.
Rice, Jack
Russell, R. D.
Roston, Sprigger & H.
Richmond, H. G. (2)
Reynolds, W. B.
Riches, Geo.
Rowan, C. L.
Rogers, Prof. N.
Richards, Warren
Shay, Jno. (3)
Seamon, Chas.
Springer, Andy
Simmonds, Morris (2) 10c.
Sedava, R. W.
Sanyesh, Sam'l
Smith, Johnny
Stetson, Hy. R.
Sutton, Chas.
Silvester, Jr., Albert
Snooky, Jno. (2)
Speaight, J. G.
Sisson, A. G.
Smith, Ed. M.
Saynor, Hy.
Street, W. Laning
Sharpley, Sam
Tulloch, Levi
Todd, Wm. 20c.
Taylor, Harry (3)
Thorpe, J. W.
Thorne, Jas. H. 5c.
Ufner, Frank
Vernon, D. S. (2)
Victorelli, H.
Wheeler, Jas. M. (3)
Welch, Billy
Williams, Jesse
Waldron, Dan'l
Wallace, Geo. D.
Wolf, Wilson
West, Wm. S.
Williams, H. A. B.
Ward, H. C.
Wright, Jno.
Weston, Jr., Jos.
Ward, Jas T.
Warren, Bill
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Williams, Joe
Watson, Harry
Weston, Harry
Washburn, Leon
West, Ned (2)
Wallace, Wm.
Wright, Harley
Wyndham, Chas.
Wheeler, Matt.
Young, D. R.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Dec. 11th, '71.

We are in want of a fresh sensation. We have finished up the Grand Duke, we have about run ourselves out on the peculations of city officials, we have had a full dose of Woodhull, and we have run high and dry on the various topics which have engrossed so much of public attention for several months past; so that we are now ripe for any "new and novel" sensation that may be brought to our notice. Even the Chicago fire has grown cold, and we hear very little about the conflagration now. One thing the fire did not squelch, and that is the Chicago *Times*, the editor of which was once cowhided by some ladies for his slanders upon them. We are sorry to say that the fire has not in the slightest degree purified that scurrilous sheet, as was recently evinced by its wanton attack upon certain members of the theatrical profession in that city, because they had the boldness to make inquiries about the funds sent for their relief, a strict account of which they could not obtain from the parties to whom it had been entrusted for distribution. These friendless Thespians, being unable to obtain the necessary information concerning the distribution of the money forwarded to that city for the benefit of suffering professionals, sought our aid in the matter. We gave them the use of our columns, and because we did so, the *Times* assails us in its characteristic style; for which, of course, we shall have to bow to the tender mercies of the ladies.....And talking about hard cases, we are pained to learn that our dear brother, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, says that our equally dear brother Beecher "is a monophysite of the antiochian order." Now what brother Beecher intends to do about it, the most learned pundits are unable to foretell; but it is not likely that he will long lie under such a stigma..... Some of our celebrated comicalists started out in the idea that they were destined to revolutionize the world as tragedians, and only discovered their mistake when they were guyed and laughed at by the gallery gods in their most pathetic scenes. Why, even Lester Wallack, the famous and world-renowned light comedian, might have shed lustre upon the stage as a tragedian had it not been that, in a tragedy, he found it necessary to dye before he could play Othello.....Some people are never happy unless they are grumbling. Now our theatrical boarding-house keeper is one of these; she is always finding fault, grumbling at this one for blacking his boots in the parlor, scolding that one for letting the water run all night in the bath-room, and dogging the house with the coverlet, up and down, back and forth. Her latest and most reprehensible lark took place yesterday when six of her private boarders consumed two hundred and fifty ordinary sized buckwheat cakes, besides sausages, fish balls, etc., for their breakfast. You never heard a woman rail as she railed at these hungry people. We are coming to a pretty pass if a man is to have his pro vender measured out to him in the boarding house where he is charged five dollars per week, and has to find his own soap. Revolutions have been brought about on slighter pretexts than this mercenary boarding house woman has given. Do not, we adjure you, unchain the tiger.....Getting cold again, isn't it? And yet some unconscionable people like such weather. Take the sacrilegious coal dealer, for instance —see with what a crimson glow his face beams, and with what a crimson glow his face beams, and which the excess of ice in the air, looks after the fortunes as they march along; he's a cold as well as a coal dealer. And there's another unfeeling wretch who glories to see people freezing to death, and that's the ice merchant. An ice merchant he, indeed. And yet even cold weather is not without its endearments, and with the reign of the ice king comes the fur-loving pastime of skating, in which healthful pursuit the women have equal rights with the men, and only the coward will say which goeth. Pardon us while we indite a few unintelligible rhymes on

GLIDING O'ER THE FROZEN LAKE.

Gliding o'er the frozen lake,
Floats a nymph with silken sails,
Broad and free her garments fly
In these cold, ice-laden gales,
Hasting toward those vernal chaps
Whose bright smile now upward soars,
With the buss of northern climes—
"Down she goes upon all fours!"

Where the "white-washed city" shines,
Brave with many a gilded set,
Or the Court House in the park,
From which so many wails did get;
When our lady's cruise is done,
And her dangers all are past,
Then Prince de whose faith is sealed—
"Still, that's broken through at last!"

Gids of beauty nestling low
On the lakelet's cold embrace,
Where the marks of danger glow,
There they find their resting place;
Raise them from their icy bed,
Never more they'll wish to roam,
One has got a contused head—
"Good bye, boys, I'm going home!"

.....Here's another specimen for our curiosity shop, and the sooner it is brought to public notice the better. It is stated, with evident truth upon its face, that a lady, whose husband was mashed up in a railroad accident, actually wept her sight away in two weeks from the day of the accident. Now we ask, in all sincerity, whether the alligator who made this allegation imagined for a moment that any sane person would credit such a barefaced falsehood? If such a curiosity really exists, trot her out and show her up. For our part we brand the statement as a heinous fabrication.....Among the novelties of the week at the Union Square Theatre is "Peter Piper Pepper." And that reminds us—did you ever try to say that Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers? It's the funniest thing out, and is provocative of much hilarity among young people; it also makes old people laugh. Try it some night.....'Our Jim" is on a charge this week, and we find it extremely difficult to hold him in with a tight rein. It seems that the boy is very fond of making a great display; during the past week he received, from our Providence correspondent, a Jim Fisk diamond pin," about the size of a chalk, and with this gem glittering on his shirt front he has been showing himself off in the most ridiculous manner possible. He has informed us that he forwarded the suggested acknowledgement to the donor, but he has imposed upon us so many falsehoods of late that we can place no faith in what he says. Here's his letter, which he kept to send:—

[illegible] NEW YORK, dec. 7d.

DEAR FRIEND.—Stands in trumpet. Tares with lackadaisy is bed me. Send here to the happiness mountain of me life, and orbo ask me completely by surprise. I would par to me a diminid bussum pin in what fed hart has yarned dear sister stands dimonds cum out; he hert bortin sampled with dimonds. Send pin to Bell and gone. Fisk's is a shade orf halfmoon, ship house, which reposes so yuinkly at the bundy street, is cattered, dimonds, to yane & laith frase, and also the sup it shines out orf. I am dear sir, and feel a dope intrest in which dimonds. Me hert is yarned with dimonds, so is mine; he never fed orf the hands up with such luminousness as now; stay'ks that I never tek notis of this unwelcomic, but sufficient to she is the orft the best; ain't well-nine married dot. Tu yu, me dere freed, thru bosom, this sparkish' jem was brought in like 10der inf barefelt obligements; porverty me dear beneath a ragsid hote, and sunches find its own reword, probly, but she orfts had a long chase after it, but yes, dere freed, her pura reward in pure kombliness of havin' dun a nobil nechun. Persevere in liberie—hold fast in that with is good—go no mar among the wise hasis with has reed yours truly, and remain in the prime of life and no forth. But sher orf, shen who apothysizes as yu weed a wiper. The host of yure bottle girl I hav'nt turned; its wait is sher orf prose, as it were, and I shill have its memmery till life is rink, enlive a purson gits hard up, in a manner spoken, that she gous up the spout, yu will understand, for a short time, or, as a purfessshinli wood as, orrill the gout warks. Wun thing panes me, I am grived to as, and that is that ever since I got the dam thing the boys has been ellse to treat. 'Oh, Jim,' see wun, "wared yu git such a big diming? Cum around to Sim's, boys, and weis hav a drink on it." And another fraud, he are, he is, "Hay, fellers, see here wot our Jim's gone—gote dimind, on a stunner, by; can't go back on the boys on that, Jim," and the hole crowd foller me into Simses, and I gits dod broke a dozzen times a da; sumtimes its clam supe, sumtimes its roast dux they want, and wen old scanliver had the same prase to ord for sumpoond, and the gut it in, the man wat keeps the place chawks it down to agin me, and then gitin the boss to stop it out of me wayges; puny nobs, wassunt it? But I am still yure tu death.

Yurs Jim."

.....Some people have a very odd way of making up an entertainment, and mix things in a most unaccountable manner. Now we have just been informed, on the most reliable authority, that a Memphis showman has been giving the boxing scene from "Tom and Jerry," during waits in scenes in "A Journey to the Holy Land." The only excuse we can see for the introduction of such a scene at such a time is that it increased the "striking effects" of the exhibition......"Divorce" has evidently taken deep root at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and as it attains its one hundredth representation to-night, we may hereafter permit it a quiescentary place in our columns. Dick Carroll and his little midgets having returned from their trip to the Pacific slope, will very likely appear before us as a holiday attraction, in which event it may not be out of place to call them our "Christmas Carrolls."....."The report that Mr. Connolly had engaged us to amuse him with new jokes while in durance vile is totally without foundation.—[ED.].....Talking of combinations we received a communication the other day which reads thus:—"Please inform a constant reader what is best for sticking flute joints together and whp is the best clog dancer?" Is it any wonder that we are cross and disagreeable at times when such a mixture is forced on us in a single dose?.....An eccentric free thinker may be seen walking down Fourth avenue nearly every day, carrying a pet cat on his shoulder. It takes very little to a-mewse some people. "Our Jim" thinks the carrier of the cat may be old Catecasy..... A calculating person says it costs thirty dollars to take a lady to the opera now-a-days. Isn't that a purse-inst reflection on the young lady?..... Some of our-so-called reformers have got it so bad that they will have nothing to do with circus performers, because, they say, they are "in the ring."....Business has a little queer at some of the theatres in this city, and accounts from the country at large do not represent an unusually healthy condition of the finances; but this is to be looked for just previous to the holidays, for adults and juveniles alike save up for Christmas and New Year, and much of what "might have been" in the clutches of show people, finds its way into toy, candy, jewelry, and variety stores. This sort of "variety" business promises to be quite brisk for some weeks to come.....And now, beloved hearers, we have had our say—we have spun out as much as we believe you can well stand at one sitting. We have endeavored to "talk to you like a father," and show you how joyfully and truthfully we move along together in our proper spheres, and how equally pleasant it is for you to do your whatever we set before you, as it is for us to receive your cheerful ten cents in exchange for the same.

City Summary.

Notice to City Managers, their Treasurers and Doorkeepers.

We have recently ascertained that certain parties have been imposing upon our city managers by representing themselves as being connected with the CLIPPER, and seeking free admission and other favors on the strength of such alleged connection. We shall feel greatly obliged to managers, their treasurers, doorkeepers, etc., if they will hereafter refuse free admission to all such parties. The gentleman detailed to report as to what is going on at our theatres, halls, etc., is well known, and he will exhibit his credentials where required to do so. Should we find it necessary to send others, they will pay their way.

M'LLE CAROLINE ROLLAND made her first appearance this season at the New York Circus on Dec. 4th, and on the same evening Charles Fish re-appeared in equestrian feats. "*Le jeune*" Burt continued his hurdle riding and Miss Lucy Watson and F. Sagrino completed the equestrian *corps*. M'lle Rolland, who rides a bareback steed, continues to accomplish her feats with grace and skill. Charley Fish appeared under trying circumstances. His own horse having recently died, he was necessitated to ride one comparatively unaccustomed to his performances, and under such circumstances his success was most gratifying. The trained horse, Red Cloud, whose performances evince the possession of a wonderful degree of instinct, and have afforded so much amusement to others, resolved, on Monday evening, to have a little fun on his own account. In carrying to the clown perched upon the side of the ring various articles he had dropped, Red Cloud playfully refused to give them up, and in returning the clown's hat, he created much hilarity by biting off the top of it. The Jee Brothers, in the clever musical acts and hat spinning feats; F. Siegrist and his trained dogs, and later in the evening, with his little sons in classical groupings; vaulting by the entire male portion of the company, and the drolleries and witticisms of D. A. Seal and R. Almonte, the clowns, combined to form a pleasing entertainment.

JAMES BYRNE MACKEY, a pupil of Delsarte, whose lectures some time since attracted considerable attention in this city, has arranged with John R. MacDonough to give a series of dramatic performances at the St. James Theatre, which will be re-opened the latter part of the present month. Mr. Mackye promises an excellent dramatic company, and has two new pieces for production, the first of which, we believe, is entitled "Marriage," with its scene of action laid at Newport, R. I. Scenic artists and carpenters are now busily at work, and material alterations are being made in the stage department. Every scene used in the play will be entirely new and of novel construction. A handsome curtain of silk velvet will replace the painted one hitherto in use. An entirely new wardrobe, stage carpets and furniture have been purchased, and the appointments are to be first class. It is evidently the intention of the management to give this pretty little theatre a thorough trial as a first class place of amusement, and we trust that success will crown their efforts.

SAM SANFORD, a veteran Ethiopian comedian, commenced an engagement at Tony Pastor's on Dec. 4th, appearing in a sketch in which he impersonated an old plantation darkey named Old Josh. In action, manner and dialect he was capital, and succeeded thoroughly in individualizing the idiosyncracies of the aged Ethiopian field laborer. He is one of the best performers in his line now before the public. His style recalls vivid recollections of "Daddy" Rice, and we believe it is his intention ere his present engagement closes to act in T. D. Rice's operatic burlesque entitled "Bone Squash," of which he has a MSS. copy which was presented to him by the author. Viola Clifton sang character songs with rapid changes of costume; Ada Stewart danced a jig in a lively manner, which was *encored*; Harry Brown, comic, sang a number of songs, and his imitations of various animals introduced in the song of the "Whistling Thief," were cleverly performed and emphatically endorsed by the audience; Johnny Queen and O. A. Gardner vied with each other in skill while executing a trial clog dance; Tony Pastor, with his ever welcome budget of songs, was enthusiastically received; Donahue, who twirls a shillelagh in a rapid manner, met with favor by singing Irish songs, and Frank Kerns, Hen. Mason and others were seen to advantage in several sketches.

DICK CARROLL and his three midgets, who have been performing with considerable success in California, Salt Lake, Denver, etc., for the past eighteen months, arrived in this city on the 8th inst. Mr. Carroll is about to have a drama written, in which the talents of himself and boys will have full swing. The family are very clever in their specialties.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, Miss Susan Denin, Messrs. J. B. Studley and J. W. Albaugh acted at the evening performances during the past week, in a drama which had been previously presented at an east side theatre under the title of the "Orange Girl," but which, localized, was given under the title of "Life in the Streets." Miss Susan Denin's portrayal of the heroine, Jane Fryer, was vigorous, natural and pathetic. John Fryer found in J. B. Studley a worthy representative. In the scene where he denounces Uriah Underwood as the despoiler of his domestic happiness, and is through the machinations of the latter wrongfully arrested for engraving a plate for printing counterfeit bills, the applause of the audience attested the excellence of his portrayal. J. W. Albaugh as Percy Beamish, the real villain with polished exterior, acted correctly and with ease deserving of commendation. A. H. Sheldon as Gregory Dyngall created much laughter, although his usual flash of over acting was somewhat apparent. J. J. Wallace as Uriah Underwood, displayed much intensity of feeling in several scenes and acted the disagreeable character quite acceptably. H. Rynar, as the hot tempered, eccentric old gentleman yclept Pepper Frost, was commendable. W. H. Wilder, as the warden of Sing Sing, and W. J. Fleming, as Falkner, a lawyer, evinced care in their impersonation of the brief parts assigned them. Miss Alice Morton acted the betrayed girl, Ellie, who dies in the prologue, with due effect. Miss Theresa Wood was seen to advantage as Mrs. Gregory Dyngall. Little Alice Keene played a newsboy naturally, and Miss Jennie Arnot deserved a meed of praise for her quiet and natural acting of the young girl, Jenny. The performances at this theatre are oftimes considerably marred by the orchestra playing the accompanying music to the dialogue so loudly that it is almost impossible to hear what is being spoken on the stage. At the usual *matinee* performances, save Saturday, the "Cotleen Bawn" has been acted. The attendance during the week was not large.

THE ONLY NOVELTY at the Theatre Comique during the past week was the production of a sketch called the "New York Milkman." Mr. Monroe continued in his "Aviation Changes," as also the Misses Jennie Hughes and Polly Daly in serio-comic songs. Charley White and Johnny Wild made things lively in the Ethiopian department, and the general programme was pleasing.

MISS ADELE, a young lady who made her *debut* on the dramatic stage recently at the St. James Theatre, playing the character of Hebe in the burlesque of "Bacchus," gave evidence of the possession of gems of talent which only require study and practice to fully develope. The *New York Herald*, of Dec. 6th, speaks of her as follows:—

Miss Adele (so announced in the bills), who played a small singing part in "Bacchus," at the St. James Theatre, has caught the eye and ear of the public in a manner that betokens a lasting success. Her vocal selections were rather ambitious for a beginner actress, but her naturally good voice is so satisfactorily developed (as far as it is developed) that the operatic music received a very agreeable interpretation. The young lady's progress on the boards will be watched with interest.

AT WALLACK'S, "Rosedale" was performed during the past week, save on Saturday night, when the "Jealous Wife" was presented. The second *matinee* of the season was given Dec. 9th, when "Rosedale" was performed, and to-night (the 11th), it will receive its final representation. On Tuesday evening, the 12th, an entirely new piece, written by John Brougham, and entitled "John Garth," is announced for production, with new scenery and appointments.

SO LONG as the public continue to crowd the Fifth Avenue Theatre to witness the comedy-drama of "Divorce" it would not be wise to think of withdrawing it. Orders for seats some weeks hence, already filed with Mr. Appleton, the treasurer, with others daily being received, give token that the present performances will be continued far into the new year. This evening, Dec. 11th, it will receive its one hundredth representation, and, to mark the event, new scenery, new costumes and appointments will grace the stage.

WITH THE APPROACH OF THE HOLIDAYS "Humpty Dumpty," at the Olympic Theatre, takes a new lease of life. Many who only attend theatres upon such occasions will see it for the first time, and the little folk who return from school to the paternal roof for a season of festive enjoyment will be delighted with the comicalities of George L. Fox, the clown; Charley Fox, the pantaloon, and the numerous incidental attractions. The attendance continues very large, and parties who would avoid disappointment during the holiday season will do well to secure their seats in advance.

FRANK MAYO commenced an engagement at the Grand Opera House on Dec. 4th, acting the character of D'Artagnan in the "Three Guardsmen," in the impersonation of which he was not particularly successful. Although the drama was fairly acted it attracted only limited numbers, and was withdrawn after the performances of Thursday evening. Although T. B. Morris and Miss Henrietta Osborne were cast respectively for the characters of Cardinal Richelieu and Lady de Winter, neither of them appeared, the former character being impersonated by W. H. Whalley, and the latter by Mrs. Lewis Baker. Mr. Morris' performance (?) was, however, quite elaborately criticised by the *World*, in the issue of Dec. 5th. On Friday evening the "Streets of New York" was produced for the first time at that theatre, and repeated during the balance of the week. Of Mr. Mayo's excellent performance of Badger we have so recently written that further comment is unnecessary. The Sunday evening concerts by James Fisk, Jr.'s Ninth Regiment Band and auxiliary talent continue quite attractive and are well patronized.

JOHN GILBERT is announced to deliver a lecture on "Queer Folks and Queer Doctrines of the Age," at Cooper Institute, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 12th.

AN INCREASED ATTENDANCE was noticeable at the new Thirty-fourth street theatre during the past week. The only fresh appearance was Miss Lillie Bertine, in serio-comic songs. She did not achieve success, and her name was withdrawn from the bills after the performances of Saturday. The following new faces are announced to appear during the present week:—Orville Pitcher, Ethiopian comedian; Billy Wilson, acrobatic song and dance; M. Gallagher, Irish vocalist and clog dancer; Miss Fanny Le Moyne, *comedienne*; the La Verde children, Minnie, Lillie and Bella; Miss Lizzie Alden, song and dance; Jimmy Ross and Charlie Clarke, Ethiopian comedians, and Johnny Harris, banjoist. Miss Annie Hindle and Eph Horn closed their engagements with the past week. A new band, under the direction of Mr. Younkers, will be among the attractions of the present week.

SAMUEL COLVILLE, the business manager of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, arrived in town on Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, and will remain here a week or ten days.

W. W. NEWCOMB has been tendered a complimentary benefit, to take place at Bryant's Opera House, Thursday afternoon, Dec. 14th, when, in addition to Bryant's Minstrels, the following performers have tendered their voluntary aid:—Tony Pastor, Johnny Allen, Hughey Dougherty, Fred Foster, George H. Coes, W. Ashcroft, Frank Kerns, Frank Girard and Unsworth, the latter making his first appearance in the city during two years.

THE LAST WEEK of the present engagement of Mr. Sothern at Niblo's Garden commences this evening. It has been highly successful, and, we think, might have been long continued with profit to all parties, had not positive arrangements been made for the reproduction of the "Black Crook" on the 18th.

NIXON'S SOUTHERN CIRCUS, under the direction of James M. Nixon, is to inaugurate a season at the Globe Theatre on Dec. 18th. The interior of the building is to be altered.

MISS ANNIE HINDLE, while playing at the Thirty-fourth-street Theatre during the past week, after the close of the performances on Thursday evening, entertained some of her non-professional friends at a restaurant in that neighborhood, and, as the exhilarating cup circulated freely, Miss Annie and her friends became quite merry." Miss Martha Lobdell took from Miss Hindle, for safe keeping, her watch, chain, and pocketbook, and shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Henry, two of the guests, departed. Immediately upon their leaving, Miss Hindle stated that she had been robbed of a valuable diamond pin, and requested one of the attendants in the restaurant to have those parties brought back. The attendant pursued them, and, calling a police officer, brought them back to the restaurant, and on the officer recording the above party to the Twenty-first Precinct Station-house at 1:45 o'clock, where the Misses Hindle and Lobdell were held for intoxication, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry upon a charge of grand larceny. After Miss Hindle was discharged in the morning, she withdrew the charge against Mr. and Mrs. Henry. The impression having gained ground that the above occurrence took place at the Thirty-fourth-street Theatre, we state, in justice to the manager thereof, that no liquors are sold in that building, and that no other member of his company was present, or in any way implicated in the transaction. The above facts we learned from Captain Leary, of the Twenty-first Precinct, and the attendant at the restaurant.

BONFANTI and the *ballet* remain as standard attractions at the Union Square Theatre, where quite an array of variety performers combine to make a pleasing programme. Ella Bishop, the Rook & Quigley Sisters, Dan Collyer and Mlle. Zulella are announced to appear this week.

MR. CHARLES FOSTER'S forte would appear to be concerning the receipts of money during his engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 7th, 1871.—SIR.—I have just read your report of an action brought by Mr. Foli against Mr. Augustus Daly, the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, for a balance due, in which I find the terms of my late engagement at that theatre parodied (I think somewhat unnecessarily) before the public. Mr. Daly states upon oath that during my engagement with him, the weekly receipts "had gone as high as $3,500, of which I took $2,000, and he $1,500." Now, I am well aware of the exorbitant demands of "stars," and the confiding innocence of managers, but I shall be obliged if you will allow me to state what my engagement really was, and as it has been brought under public discussion by Mr. Daly. My terms were to share after $500 per night, and after $100 for the *matinees*—pretty stiff terms, but it suited my purpose to accept them, it being the only theatre available at the moment, and moreover, being one peculiarly adapted to my style of pieces, and I should think the result must have suited Mr. Daly's purpose also. When he swears the receipts "had gone as high as $3,500," I presume he meant that they never went so low, accepting that the returns of the eight weeks, as furnished by his treasurer, were as follows:—1st week, $6,636 75; 2d week, 5,897 75; 3d week, 6,756 50; 4th week, $4,383 75; 5th week, $5,825 75; 6th week, $4,528 50; 7th week, $3,563 50; 8th week, 5,149 50; total, $44,067, out of which Mr. Daly, the suffering manager, took $35,040 16, and I, the exorbitant "star," took $9,026 83. Perhaps, before swearing, it would have been advisable to have referred to his treasurer's books. He next reports that the receipts "run all the way from $400 to $1,000 per night, being oftenest nearer the former than the latter." He must have meant "oftenest near the *latter*," as his treasurer's books clearly testify. Those books also show that the average of the 48 nights (exclusive of *matinees*) amounted to $41,044, being an average of $855 per night, out of which the suffering manager took nightly 67 50 and the exorbitant "star" $177 50. Had the receipts oftenest nearer $400 I should have made a poor thing of it, sharing after $500. He states that "Married for Money" was only two weeks on the stage at the Fifth Avenue. I am pretty certain that it was performed at least three, if not more weeks, and can speak positively, not having the memoranda with me of the pieces performed. [It was acted only two weeks.—*Ed.*] At any rate it was played long enough for Mr. Daly to have a surreptitious copy made of my management's property, and produced at his own house without doing me the courtesy to ask my consent. This, however, I of course look upon as a compliment, as it shows that he set some value on the production. Had he refreshed his memory from his books he might have stated the exact sum that I received, which, That his memory is treacherous I am aware, because he agreed to give me the clear half of my benefit, which agreement he forgot to carry out. As I don't wish to be held up as a bugbear to other managers I have thought it right to correct his mistakes and to flatly contradict his sworn testimony. If his assertion is to be relied on, that out of every $5,500 taken I was entitled to $2,000, he ought to have paid me $76,000 instead of $9,026 83, and consequently there is a balance due to me of $17,026 17, for which I shall be happy to receive his cheque. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES J. MATHEWS.

IN REFERENCE to an item published in a recent issue of the CLIPPER relating to Allen and Toohey's dramatic company, we are in receipt of a communication signed by J. Stuart Clarke, stage manager, and Lewis R. Warwick, stating that Mr. Toohey paid them their salaries and acted honorably, both with outsiders and members of the company.

THE ABBOTT PANTOMIME TROUPE commence a week's engagement at the Memphis Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., on Dec. 11th, and on the 18th open at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., for two weeks. Managers who have made arrangements ahead with the troupe are requested to communicate with A. H. Hindley, as per advertisement.

NEW PLAYS.—"Coals of Fire," the new play by H. Craven, author of the "Chimney Corner," which received its first representation at London, Nov. 20th, has already been received by Mr. Field, of the Boston Museum. Byron's new play of "Partners for Life," already announced as received by Mr. Field, has been secured by Mr. Wallack for New York. This piece is still running in London. The Boston Museum management is also in receipt of the new plays by Gilbert and Byron, which are soon to be produced at the Haymarket, London.

JOHN OLIVER, Temperance Drama, Comedy is billed to inaugurate a new theatre at Eufola, Ala., Dec. 11th.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE are announced to perform at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., from Dec. 25th to Jan. 6th, inclusive; Memphis, Tenn., 8th to 13th, inclusive; Mobile, Ala., 15th to 20th, inclusive; Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., 22d to Feb. 17th, inclusive; Galveston, Texas, 26th to March 2d, inclusive; Selma, Ala., 5th and 6th; Montgomery, 7th, 8th and 9th; Columbus, Ga., 11th, 12th and 13th; Macon, 14th, 15th and 16th; Atlanta, 18th, 19th and 20th; Augusta, 21st, 22d and 23d; Savannah, 25th to 30th, inclusive; Charleston, S. C., April 1st to 6th, inclusive, and Richmond, Va., 8th to 13th, inclusive.

A MATINEE BENEFIT is contemplated at Boston, Mass., to raise funds to remove the remains of the late Lyman B. Boyd from their present resting place to Chelsea, Mass., and to erect a monument to his memory.

J. A. LORD'S dramatic company is billed to play at Carrollton, Mo., one week, commencing Dec. 18th, thence to Lexington for a like period, commencing the 25th.

HARRY SEYMOUR, supported by a dramatic company under the management of W. M. Holland, commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, Savannah, Ga., on Monday evening, which our correspondent, writing on the 7th inst., says:—"The opening bill was 'Black Eyed Susan' and 'Irish Assurance.' Harry Seymour's William was an able conception, a true and natural sailor, as we see him in every day life; Miss Effie Johns' Susan was effective and charming. The other parts were well rendered. The farce of 'Irish Assurance' concluded the evening's amusement. Miss Effie Johns, as Nancy Stokes, the Yankee gal, and Mr. Holland, as Pat, treated us to a fine bit of character acting, keeping the audience in continuous laughter with their vagaries, and drawing forth rounds of applause. On Tuesday night 'Richard III' was produced in a style superior to any before attempted for years on this stage. The wardrobes and properties were all that could be desired. A large supernumerary force, well equipped and well drilled in their various parts, had been engaged, and by their efficiency added much to the general effect. Harry Seymour's acting and facial expression as Richard were excellent. To the theatre goers Mr. Seymour's name and talents are unfamiliar, yet he has thus far given much satisfaction. Mr. Halpin played Edward IV in the first act, and Richmond in the third, effectively. The sword contest between him and Richard was superior to any that has been seen here since the days of Forrest. Miss Effie Johns' Susan was effective and charming. The other parts were well rendered. The farce of 'Irish Assurance' concluded the evening's amusement. Miss Effie Johns, as Nancy Stokes, the Yankee gal, and Mr. Holland, as Pat, treated us to a fine bit of character acting, keeping the audience in continuous laughter with their vagaries, and drawing forth rounds of applause. On Tuesday night 'Richard III' was produced in a style superior to any before attempted for years on this stage. The wardrobes and properties were all that could be desired. A large supernumerary force, well equipped and well drilled in their various parts, had been engaged, and by their efficiency added much to the general effect. Harry Seymour's acting and facial expression as Richard were excellent. To the theatre goers Mr. Seymour's name and talents are unfamiliar, yet he has thus far given much satisfaction. Mr. Halpin played Edward IV in the first act, and Richmond in the third, effectively. The sword contest between him and Richard was superior to any that has been seen here since the days of Forrest. Miss Effie Johns' Susan was effective and charming. The other parts were well rendered. The farce of 'Irish Assurance' concluded the evening's amusement. Miss Effie Johns, as Nancy Stokes, the Yankee gal, and Mr. Holland, as Pat, treated us to a fine bit of character acting, keeping the audience in continuous laughter with their vagaries, and drawing forth rounds of applause. On Tuesday night 'Richard III' was produced in a style superior to any before attempted for years on this stage. The wardrobes and properties were all that could be desired. A large supernumerary force, well equipped and well drilled in their various parts, had been engaged, and by their efficiency added much to the general effect. Harry Seymour's acting and facial expression as Richard were excellent. To the theatre goers Mr. Seymour's name and talents are unfamiliar, yet he

Adopting the expensive. On the same evening Harry Cleaveland, acting under the advice of the relatives, telegraphed to have the body sent to an undertaker in the Bowery, which was done as soon as the coroner's inquest was over.

BENEFIT THEATRICALS up to the 5th, are given by gay correspondent to the following effect:—"At Wood's Theatre Joe Emmet has been giving his new drama, 'Out, the Fiddler,' to good houses this week, save on Monday night, which became suddenly so fiercely cold as to drove everybody into their houses. Upon the whole this piece is hardly calculated to be as popular as 'Fritz' with the class that best appreciates this style of drama, though it has its good points in a comic attraction. As a literary piece of work it is hardly tolerable; but it enables Mr. Emmet to exhibit his powers in the pathetic line and serves to show his varied ability as an actor. His musical and vocal efforts, which were freely introduced through the piece, were warmly applauded, and the rendition of the part is certainly thoroughly successful. The character of Harper Dales was well rendered by E. B. Sheppard, as was that of Hudson Wayne by E. H. Wood, who displayed considerable spirit. The other parts, such as they were, of Crawl, Boyd and George, were satisfactorily rendered by Messrs. S. W. Ashley, H. C. Barton, and H. E. Mehen. Charlotte Thompson was, as usual, conscientious and correct as Polly Searles, and Mary Davenport almost divided honors with Mr. Emmet in the role of Dora, in which she displayed great feeling. Fanny Prestige was full of dash and spirit as Kate Boland, and Mrs. Salsbury as Mrs. Hasher made all she could of it. The child's part of Hilda completed the cast, and was nicely played by Little Ella Salsbury. 'Carl' has run all the week, and will be given for the last time for to-morrow's (Saturday) *matinee*, 'Frits' being repeated in the evening. The Lydia Thompson Troupe open on Monday in Sweet Heard, and will remain two weeks, followed on the 25th, by Miss Lotta, in Pike's Peak. The concert this week by the Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe, who will also remain over the first three days of next week. Maggie Mitchell's engagement commences on the 18th, instead of the 11th, as originally announced, and she will probably stay three weeks, and will be followed by the Mapleson Opera Troupe."

BURNING OF WALL'S OPERA HOUSE.—Our regular correspondent, "Pathos," sends the following, dated Dec. 10th:—"On the morning of Dec. 6th Wall's Opera House in Washington, D. C., was totally destroyed by fire. The night was bitterly cold, and a fresh wind prevailed, which fed the destructive element. The fire originated in a small junk shop in the rear of the building and immediately below the stage. Mat Pisani, the principal door keeper at the Opera House, was at supper in a saloon near by, and hearing the alarm went to the theatre and, after breaking in the door, made his way through the smoke on to the stage, where he lifted a trap and discovered that the entire under flooring was in a blaze. He then endeavored to reach the water plug in the rear, which, he states, could be have turned on, would have saved the whole, but he was driven back by the dense smoke. By that time the engines had arrived, but the building burned like tinder and was evidently doomed. The rapidity with which the flames spread, notwithstanding the efforts of the firemen, convinced many that it was the work of an incendiary, and that it had been done in so skilful a manner as to defy both water and man. In half an hour after the first alarm it was clearly seen that all efforts towards saving it were utterly useless, and shortly after the rear walls fell. The roof next gave way, and then there was nothing left to support the side walls except the rods. When they broke Wall's Opera House became indeed a thing of the past. Most of the scenery, costumes, and a large number of tickets, which were the property of Mr. Saville, were saved through the efforts of Mr. R. J. Walker, the treasurer of the Opera House. The restaurant of T. J. Rudd, a clothing store and the junk shop were all destroyed. Wall's Opera House was owned by Messrs. Wall & Berry, of this city, but up to 1856 was used as a carriage manufactory. It then became an auction store and bazaar, and in the fall of 1862 Wall's Opera House, in New York, opened a variety show there in opposition to the old Canterbury, and on the expiration of their lease Messrs. Wall & Berry completely remodeled the interior, and on the night of Dec. 6, 1866, precisely five years previous to its destruction, opened it with one of the best companies ever in Washington, in the play of 'Griffith Gaunt,' in which Rose Eytinge, Blanche Gray, J. K. Mortimer, Charles Hale, H. B. Phillips, Mr. McKidd and Ed. Varney all appeared. This play ran for nine nights, and the theatre was then leased by H. B. Phillips, who opened it with Mrs. D. P. Bowers as the stellar attraction. He was succeeded by Professor Risley, who opened on May 8th, 1867, with the original Japanese troupe. During the season of 1867-8 it was under the management of Wallack and Miner, Charles Hale, H. B. Phillips and Emma Dormer, manager. In 1868 9 Barton and McKnight were the lessees, and in 1869-70 Barton and Sanderson had it in hand. Last season, 1870-71, Mr. T. J. Barton had it alone. During his management nothing but combinations appeared, but prominent among them were those of Edwin Forrest, Mrs. F. W. Lander, J. E. Owens, Janauschek, Jane Coombs, Barney Williams, W. J. Lingard, Mrs. Oates and Lisa Weber. During the present season it has been under lease by J. G. Saville, but on the very day of the fire he sub-leased it to Professor Risley, who was to open on Dec. 11th with a first class variety show. If the latter arrangement had been carried into effect Mr. Saville would have made nearly $5,000 by the close of the season. Probably the largest audience ever in Wall's Opera House was on the occasion of the benefit of Edwin Forrest, on the 20th of January, 1871, when he appeared as King Lear, supported by Holland's dramatic company. The last performance there was 'On Hand,' with Johnny Thompson as the star, on Nov. 18th, 1871. Messrs. Wall and Berry were insured for about $25,000, and announce their intention, as soon as the *debris* is cleared away, of building a theatre on the site which shall far surpass the old one both in size and appearance."

AT FORD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., says our correspondent, writing from thence on Dec. 9th:—"Miss Maggie Mitchell has been playing the third week of her engagement to moderate houses. Last Monday evening, 'Fay,' a dramatization of Lady Marlitt's exquisite German story, 'The Old Mamselle's Secret,' was produced for the first time. Miss Annie Ford, the authoress made, perhaps, as much with her work as was within the range of possibility, and the scenic records, together with a large number of tickets, which were the property of Mr. Saville, were saved through the efforts of Mr. R. J. Walker, the treasurer of the Opera House. The restaurant of T. J. Rudd, a clothing store and the junk shop were all destroyed. Wall's Opera House was owned by Messrs. Wall & Berry, of this city, but up to 1856 was used as a carriage manufactory. It then became an auction store and bazaar, and in the fall of 1862 the Canterbury,

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Mr. E. D. Davies, whose ventriloquial powers are the most remarkable ever displayed here.—Boston Times, Dec. 3d, 1871.
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"The theatre, long before the rising of the curtain, was crowded in every part. On Mr. Townsend making his appearance on the stage, he was vociferously cheered by the audience. His delivery of many of the impassioned speeches of the crafty duke elicited loud applause. At the close of the performance Mr. Townsend was called before the curtain and bowed his acknowledgements."—London Times, Sept. 11th, 1867.

"Mr. John Townsend made his first appearance at the Rochester Theatre, and met with a most enthusiastic reception from a very large audience. The character he chose was that of Richard III. Upon his first entrance he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers, being frequently repeated throughout the play. At the conclusion he was honored with a call before the curtain, where he met with the same enthusiastic cheering as at first. In fact, we do not recollect such a demonstration of feeling in favor of any actor in this theatre. His performance was grand. His make up was splendid, an amateur observing he had not seen one to equal it since he saw Edmund Kean perform Richard."—Morning Advertiser, Sept. 18th, 1868.

"Mr. John Townsend made his first appearance on the boards of the Rochester Theatre in the character of Richard III. The announcement that Mr. Townsend would appear drew together an immense audience, the theatre being crowded in every part. Immediately Mr. Townsend made his appearance on the stage he was vociferously cheered, and at the conclusion of the performance he was called before the curtain."—London Daily Telegraph, Sept. 11th, 1868.

"Having concluded a very successful engagement at the Marylebone theatre, Mr. John Townsend made his appearance at the Royal Amphitheatre (Astley's) in the character of Richard III. On his entree Mr. Townsend was received with great applause, which was repeated very frequently during the representation of the tragedy. Mr. Townsend exhibited all his powers as an actor to the greatest advantage. In many parts of the play his acting was of the highest order, and at the fall of the curtain he received quite an ovation. The house was crowded in every part long before the rising of the curtain."—London Sun, Nov. 23d, 1869.

"On Thursday evening Richard III. was performed to an overflowing house. The alternate insinuation and violence, the hypocrisy and cruelty of the 'crooked-backed Tyrant,' were well depicted by Mr. Townsend, who was called before the curtain at the close."—Leicester Mercury, Oct. 9th, 1869.

"On the 9th inst. Mr. John Townsend appeared on the boards of the Rochester Theatre in the character of Richard III. The house was full on the occasion, the audience greeting Mr. Townsend with the most vociferous cheers, being frequently repeated throughout the play, at the conclusion of which he was honored with a 'call,' when he met with a similar reception as at first. His acting was most creditable, and perfectly natural, showing that he had well studied the part. His make up was the best we have seen for a long time."—Era, Sept. 19th, 1858.

"No living actor we think, can touch Mr. John Townsend in Shylock and Richard III."—Kentish Independent, Dec 18th, 1858.

"Mr. John Townsend, as King Richard III., gained wrapt attention, the audience being deeply moved. Mr. Townsend's elocution is of a high order, and his acting in most excellent. Such dramatic talent as he evinced, Kingston has not witnessed since Mr. Charles Mathews paid us a passing visit."—Kingston Daily News, May 27th, 1864.

"He was vastly applauded in the Lady Anne scene, and in the tent scene, and most particularly so in the final combat with Richmond. At the conclusion he was loudly called for, and bowed his thanks."—Kingston British Whig, May 27th.

"Mr. John Townsend sustained the character of Gloucester with great effect, and elicited frequent applause."—British American, May 27th.

"Mr. John Townsend's Richard III. and Shylock are worthy of representation in any theatre."—Ottawa Citizen, July 12th, 1865.

"Mr. Townsend's rendition of Richard was very much admired, and loudly applauded by a very large audience."—Watertown Democrat, Jan. 5th, 1866.

"Mr. Townsend, the great English tragedian, made his first appearance last evening as Richard III. To say he is an actor of very great dramatic ability, is but simply telling the opinion of all who were present. We have no hesitation in pronouncing him the best Richard we have ever had here."—Ogdensburgh Daily Journal, Jan. 4th, 1866.

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"The manner in which Mr. Townsend rendered the part of Richard met with general approbation, and merited in every respect the warm reception which he received. At the close Mr. Townsend was called before the curtain."—Belleville Intelligencer, Feb. 21st, 1868.

"Mr. Townsend has acquired a reputation, both in England and America, for his rendition of this and other of Shakespeare's great characters, second, perhaps, to none upon the stage."—London Free Press, April 13th, 1867.

"Mr. John Townsend's splendid impersonation of Richard III. last night gave general satisfaction to a crowded audience."—Rutland Herald, April 4th, 1865.

"Mr. John Townsend played the part of Richard, putting into the character much of that vehemence which characterized the acting of the Elder Kean and Junius Brutus Booth.—Quebec Daily News, May 10th, 1866.

"Mr. John Townsend played Richard III admirably. He excels in the expression of his countenance, with a due regard to the part, and his acting is devoid of all rant."—Utica Observer, Jan. 24th, 1866.

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